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## NOTES.

THE facts on which the Fashoda dispute is based are very much deeper than is generally supposed. At first sight it would appear as if the French were grasping at a shadow and disregarding the substance in pertinaciously laying claim to an apparently barren and unproductive spot whilst neglecting the fertile district of Bahr-el-Ghazl. But this is by no means the case. Fashoda is a point of incalculable importance to France, and it is correspondingly important that we should frustrate her designs in that direction. It is her cherished project to make a railway from east to west of Africa, in order to divide the continent and thus prevent the joining of the two British spheres by direct communication. With this object in view she has obtained from Menelik concessions to build a railway right across Abyssinia, the line being already in construction. It is essential to the scheme that this line should be carried through to Fashoda. But it is equally essential that we should retain Fashoda, both for the prevention of the plan—which would be a severe blow to British interests—and for the establishment of that Cape to Cairo communication which will give us supremacy in Africa. The issues at stake are so vital to both countries that a conflict between them is more seriously threatened than most people are disposed to think.

The Empress-Dowager continues to execute—or otherwise maltreat—every reformer on whom she can lay hands. Having accustomed the Chinese people to seeing her name appear in the Imperial edicts, she is apparently accustoming them to seeing the Emperor's name disappear. All edicts were formerly signed by the latter, even when mention was made in them of the Empress-Dowager; but we are now informed that some are signed by the Emperor and some by the Empress. The recent report that the Empress-Dowager is seated beside Kwang-su at the Imperial Councils, instead of being concealed behind a screen as usual, is strangely suggestive of the gruesome scene in the Chinese play, "The Cat and the Cherub," in which the murderer is seated on a bench beside the corpse of his victim, which he has propped up, in order to conceal the crime from a passing policeman, by affectionately linking their arms together. But if the unfortunate Emperor is really still alive, no pains should be spared by Lord Salisbury to rescue a friend and ally from his fatal surroundings.

Probably nobody was more astonished than the manager of the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank at the completion of the contract for the loan in connexion with the Niu-chwang railway extension. We trust that Hu Yu Fen has given him a verbal as well as a written guarantee; because the former is regarded as binding, while the Chinese look upon the latter as so much

waste paper. The Russian conditions are of course included in the bargain, forbidding the concession of foreign control of the railway north of the Great Wall. We hope that the bank manager was not obliged to make a journey to Peking for the purpose of signing the contract. Entry into that enlightened city cost Li Hung Chang a matter of £50,000, after what his countrymen naturally supposed to have been a lucrative European tour; and a Chinese official recently summoned to the capital was made to disgorge £6000 which he had come by quite honestly—a circumstance that would scarcely be taken in mitigation.

There is no end to the Sultan's insolence. The Concert of Europe presented him with an ultimatum ordering the immediate withdrawal of Turkish soldiers from Crete, and intimating that a refusal on the part of the Porte would result in the forcible evacuation of the island by the Powers. To this menace the Sultan coolly replied by a request that he might be allowed to leave sufficient troops for the protection of the Mohammedan population. The word "sufficient" is, as the Admirals pointed out to their respective Governments, an elastic adjective that would give the Porte a free hand to continue the impudent game of defying the Powers. The Christian population has received definite assurances that every Turk shall be cleared out of Crete, and on no other terms can order be restored. It is to be hoped that the Powers will not yield an iota to any demands on the part of the Sultan. They come up at every stage of the proceedings and have the single object of evading engagements and outwitting the Christian Governments by wily reservations.

Rather to our surprise, Mr. Brodrick, instead of Mr. Wyndham, has been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. We had expected and indeed hoped that Mr. Wyndham would be the man. Still, Mr. Brodrick has an excellent record. He is one of the several brilliant young men produced by Oxford during the last twenty years who have, in spite of their University distinction, achieved something in after-life. He "cleaned out" what was formerly an Augean stable, the War Office, and we believe he is capable of dealing similarly with the Foreign Office. And the Foreign Office, as every one knows, is sadly in need of "cleaning out." It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Wyndham, though he has ability almost, if not quite, of the first order, is not to be left out altogether. He will succeed Mr. Brodrick at the War Office, where, even after all Mr. Brodrick has done, he will still find a big task before him. Certainly it is not so big as Mr. Brodrick's task—which is that of preventing Lord Salisbury playing the coward on every possible occasion. But still, it is a big task to complete the reformation which Mr. Brodrick so boldly and ably began.

It is odd that none of the daily newsmongers have noticed that the Government House in Calcutta, where the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs will shortly take up his residence, was modelled on the building to which the said Under-Secretary will some day return, should he outlive his father, Lord Scarsdale. We believe that it was built by the Duke of Wellington in his Lord Wellesley days. May Lord Curzon prove himself not unworthy of the proud motto, "*Mens æqua in arduis.*"

The defeat of the Gordon-Sprigg Ministry at the Cape is probably the best possible thing that could have happened to all parties. For the Ministry to have taken no notice of the vote of want of confidence would merely have been to prolong the period of squabbling which has done so much harm to all the interests of the Colony. But now that Mr. Schreiner has grasped the power he sought, it will be found that the difference between the policies of the Africanders and of the Rhodes party are as the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. Mr. Schreiner can only pass Progressive measures, and now that he has succeeded in defeating the hated Mr. Rhodes, he will probably see that more is to be gained by conciliating his opponents, and helping to bring his friend Mr. Kruger to an amiable frame of mind, than by an irreconcilable policy. Mr. Schreiner's followers will have every reason to be amiable. In the present state of political morality at the Cape, it is necessary that politicians should have something to sell. The majority in the Cape Parliament have now their votes to serve this useful end, and there are always plenty of buyers about, which is another reason why the defeat of the Ministry will not make much difference in the policy of the Colony.

The delegates at the Peace Commission in Paris seem to have occupied their first session by squabbling about the Philippines. The Spaniards tried to raise a question concerning the occupation of Manila by the American forces, but the American Commissioners refused to consider the point at all, and it ended in the matter being referred to their respective Governments. Meanwhile the Spanish authorities have been notified that the United States will assume military and government control of Cuba on 1 December. It is useless for the Spaniards to talk big now that the war is ended and they have received a thorough beating. Bombast with nothing behind it will not serve them in the least, and unless they are careful the Commissioners of the United States may "cut up rough," like Bismarck during his negotiations with Thiers and Jules Favre in 1871, and begin to talk Yankee.

There is always the possibility in France that the tragic will lapse abruptly into the farcical. Not that the case of M. Zola is particularly tragic, but he certainly sought diligently to make it so. In his own estimation he is a martyr, a heroic martyr, the most heroic martyr of his time. Yet he does not stay at home to pay a little bill for thirty thousand francs—quite like an ordinary man. It is true that the bill was in the form of a fine for certain unwary expressions regarding the writing experts in the Dreyfus case. But it had to be paid, and the debtor having fled, the sheriff seized his goods and chattels. This week they were publicly sold, but as M. Zola's publisher bought the first article offered—a table—for thirty-two thousand francs the farce fizzled out suddenly. Still a publisher paying twelve hundred odd pounds for an author's table is unique in the world's history. People seldom pay so much as that for an author's books.

The Dreyfus case does not advance—even although the "Times" gave it seven and a half columns on Thursday. The truth is, that nothing definite will disclose itself until we have the decision of the Court of Cassation. The mysterious statements and the unverifiable hints are still numerous, of course. Of such was the gossip published this week by the "Daily News," in which a certain letter, said to have been written by the German Emperor, and included in the Dreyfus dossier,

was declared to be a forgery. For this letter, the French Authorities, advised by M. Hanotaux, paid 30,000 francs. We can well believe, if the document really exists, that it is a forgery. Everything connected with the whole Dreyfus case is tainted with fraud and falsehood. Nothing will serve but the daylight of a new trial.

The International Conference on Scientific Literature, held at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries during the week, is likely to have a far-reaching effect upon scientific discovery. The original Conference in 1896, which was attended by delegates from Europe, America and the East, recommended the publication of a complete catalogue of Scientific Literature, to be issued at short intervals. The value of the proposition, and the saving of time involved by it, must be patent to everybody. Hitherto no such publication has been in existence; consequently, a man working, let us suppose, at some branch of biology in London, might spend years in working out a hypothesis which had already been solved by a brother scientist in Austria. The details of this catalogue were left to a Committee of the Royal Society, and it was the report of this body which furnished the agenda for the present Conference. In the main, the recommendations contained in the Committee report have been adopted, but most of the details connected with the compilation of the proposed catalogue have been referred to the consideration of an International Committee.

To-day is Hospital Saturday, and particular interest attaches to the event. A departure has been inaugurated which may seriously affect the proportions of the Hospital Fund. There were grave objections to the system of street collection, and its abolition will be as cordially approved by the majority of people as by the Lord Mayor himself. But in the streets many thousands of odd pennies are captured by energetic women and children, and a good deal of private enterprise will be needed to-day to make up the loss incurred under this head. The hospitals are doing such good work both in the relief of suffering and in the advancement of medical science, that the purse-strings of the humblest should be loosened in their behalf. However generous the forthcoming contributions, the hospitals can never hope to get abreast of the calls made upon them by poor humanity. The result of the experiment, which is made to-day for the first time, will, we understand, be announced at an important public meeting, to be held by the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Saturday the 29th inst.

The accounts which are now coming to hand almost daily of the ruin wrought by the hurricane in the West Indies leave no room for doubt that the case is one for Imperial assistance. Correspondents draw appalling pictures of the helpless distress inflicted, especially in St. Vincent. One writer who witnessed the ravages of the Indian famine declares that, in proportion to the population involved, the suffering was not one-tenth of that in this particular island. When the news of the disaster reached England we pointed out that £100,000 would barely touch the fringe of the misery. The Mansion House Fund amounts to little more than £30,000. That private charity does not come more readily to the assistance of the West Indies is not wholly inexplicable. Many of those who are especially concerned in the islands have been subjected to such serious loss through the operation of unnatural competition, fostered by a lop-sided fiscal system, that they either have no funds to spare, or insist that the Imperial Government, which has not seen its way to accord the island economic protection, must come to the rescue in this present crisis. From an economic point of view, Spanish tyranny and greed have not been more disastrous to Cuba than British ideas of freedom to the West Indies.

The German Emperor is now in full sail for Constantinople, with his Empress and his Foreign Secretary, and his retinue of pastors and evangelists. The Emperor is a wonderful actor, it is true; but it will be difficult for him to avoid mixing the two parts with which he has gone on tour. As Protestant Pope and the preacher of

a new Evangel he will be in his element in Jerusalem; but what will be said of the preliminary proceedings at Constantinople when the new crusader first appears as the bosom friend of the Sultan and his protector against those aggressive and grasping Christians? No doubt the young man is quite capable of undertaking the task of converting the Sultan by his Christian example and his fine flow of language, and of bringing his illustrious convert in triumph to Jerusalem; but he needs a long tongue indeed who hopes to get the better of Abdul Hamid in argument or in bargaining. Sometimes those who go out for wool come home shorn.

We hope that the County Council do not mean to waste any more time on the water question. It is clear alike to Moderates and to Progressives that an altogether separate and distinct supply from that afforded by the Thames is necessary, and the sooner the preliminaries to that end are got through the better. It is foolish to repeat, as some do, that the scheme for bringing water from Wales cannot come into operation for many years, and that it will be very costly. Surely the answer is that the longer it will take the sooner it ought to be begun, and as for the cost, all experience teaches that every year's delay in such matters means an increase in the expense. If London had seriously tackled the water question twenty years ago, when various schemes were in the air, it could have been disposed of for, at the least, four or five millions less than will be called for now. As it is, there is practically only one suitable water area left in Wales, and if London does not wake up, even that will be annexed by some of the midland municipalities.

That the Parnell Anniversary in Dublin should have passed over without more than a ripple of excitement is only in keeping with the profound calm that prevails in Irish politics in general. Mr. Redmond's speech was moderate and practical, and affords a welcome contrast to the foolish gabbling of Mr. William O'Brien, who recently exceeded even the privileged limits of his witlessness by declaring that Irishmen should prove their capacity for Local Government by "capturing" the new County Councils in Tammany fashion, and using them as weapons for harassing and oppressing the minority. Mr. Redmond had no difficulty in pointing out that such counsel was eminently suited to complete the conviction of Englishmen and Scotchmen that Home Rule, if ever obtained, would be used as a weapon for injustice and plunder. While maintaining that the Nationalist majority had a perfect right to return a majority on the Local Boards, Mr. Redmond advised his followers that it was their plain duty and interest to give the minority their fair share in public business. It will be interesting next April to watch and see which advice the average Irishman will take.

Sir Redvers Buller, who entered on his duties as Commander at Aldershot this week, is a good soldier, and has earned his promotion by sheer hard work and good service. He has fought in most of our wars from China to Canada, and from the Cape to the Soudan, and he has proved himself a good administrator as well as a good fighter. Nor is he a mere martinet, who regards men only as machines invented for the purpose of obeying orders. It is almost forgotten now that during the worst of the Land League troubles in Ireland, Buller was sent over to impart the necessary amount of military rigour into the civil administration, and to see that "no nonsense" about famine and distress was allowed to interfere with the supreme necessity of collecting rents. But he soon showed that he had a heart and a head, and he gravely offended the Irish officers by telling them that law and order could not be built up in Ireland any more than in Egypt on injustice and extortion. His services were quickly dispensed with by the Government. But his name is remembered in Kerry as that of a just and strong man.

The manner in which reforms are carried out by the Scotch Education authorities is a striking contrast to the method employed at the English Education Depart-

ment. In order to make a few nominal changes in the organization at Whitehall the Duke of Devonshire was obliged to trumpet his legislative intentions in the Queen's Speech, and to apply himself with so much fuss and ostentation to the unusual exertion of drafting a Bill that his friends became quite anxious about the probable effects of this Herculean task on the Duke's health. We said at the time that by a few strokes of the pen and an Order in Council the Duke might have accomplished the same wonderful achievement of altering names and preserving abuses without the risk of leaving his arm-chair. A far more useful scheme of educational reform is being effected by the Scotch Office, simply by the issue of a circular explaining the proposed reorganization of science and technical instruction in various classes of schools. The plan is to specialise the various branches of higher education, so as to provide separate schools giving different types of education; in fact, to adopt a sensible system of efficient instruction such as may equip the youth of Scotland for the struggle with our Continental competitors. If the Duke of Devonshire had done half as much for secondary education in England, there would be hope for the future. But to call the Vice-President "Minister of Education" and shift the same set of responsibilities from one department to another will not assist the coming generation to compete successfully with foreigners in those markets—if any—which Lord Salisbury may neglect to hand over to Russia or France.

Seldom has a more infamous system of blackmail been exposed than the diabolical plan for extorting money devised by the man Mitchell. The wonder is that anybody could have been silly enough to fall into his trap; but his victims were entirely women, whose utter ignorance of law and government made them an easy prey. His method was to send a type-written letter to ladies who had purchased, at a certain establishment, some quack female pills or other medicine. This document, which was signed "Chas. J. Mitchell, Public Official," contained an intimation that legal proceedings had been commenced against the recipient, who was charged with committing a criminal offence. These proceedings were to be stopped on receipt of £2 2s. costs and a solemn promise in writing that the offence should never be repeated. The police found evidence that more than five hundred persons had been frightened into paying the amount demanded; and the neighbourhood of Northumberland Avenue, where Mitchell's office was situated, was besieged with unhappy victims trying to obtain an interview with the blackmailer. If it had not been for the husband of one of the threatened persons this new terror might have gone on indefinitely, with the most tragic results. It is a pity that so few people are gifted with sufficient commonsense or public-spiritedness to forward such communications to Scotland Yard; and we trust that adequate punishment will be inflicted upon a blackguard whose brutal imposture must have caused incalculable suffering to numbers of foolish women.

We suggested last week that it would be a good thing if we had a Minister of Justice charged with looking after obstinate and incompetent magistrates, and rapping them over the knuckles when necessary. It is possible that we have a Minister who makes it his business not to correct, but to incite and encourage magistrates (or rather magistrates' clerks, who in nine cases out of ten are, in fact, "the bench") to throw obstacles in the way of the new Act. We do not make the assertion, for we have not yet got the evidence; but it is reported in circles that ought to know that hints have gone forth—some go as far as to say a circular has been issued—to the effect that the Act is *not* to work, and that applicants are to be harassed by ridicule and threats and fines and fees. We know of one case in which a distress warrant was issued against a gentleman who was absolutely within the four corners of the Act, but who provoked the resentment of a magistrate's clerk by venturing to differ from him on the interpretation of the Act, and, worst of all, by proving that he was right and that the clerk was wrong. Will the Local Government Board clear themselves of this very serious charge?

It is not simply the London magistrates who are giving themselves airs about their "discretion" under the new Vaccination Act. We receive complaints from all over the country on this matter; indeed, in districts where doctors sit on the bench they seem to delight in being more insolent even than a London stipendiary. At Taunton, one Dr. Liddon badgered an unfortunate "conscientious objector," and obstinately refused to be "satisfied" with any explanation till, at last, he had to be voted down by the other magistrates. Now a doctor, *qua* a doctor, has a right to hold what views he likes about the new Act, but as a magistrate it is at once impertinent and illogical for him to constitute himself the advocate of either side of the controversy. He has to administer the law, and there his duty begins and ends. When, for example, Mr. Plowden declares that an applicant who does not agree with him exhibits "the consummation of obstinacy," it is only human to retort that the magistrate himself exhibits the consummation of imbecility.

The Bishop of Worcester's address to the diocesan clergy is an amazing example of the puerile squabbles and ridiculous diversities of opinion to which religion is being prostituted in this country. How can it possibly affect our souls, we ask in sober earnestness, whether vestments are used, if incense is burnt or the sacramental wine mixed with water, and whether or no wafers are administered with it? Yet there are people, and we fear a very large percentage of them, who believe, or deceive themselves into believing, that salvation depends upon the precise ritual observed by the officiating clergy, and upon the number or size of the candles placed upon the altar. We do not hear of these disputes or superstitions among Buddhist or fire-worshipping populations; and we should like to ask, in common with "A Jew," who wrote to us in September, if this behaviour is typical of the love Christians bear one another, and which is supposed to be—instead of candles or wafers—the basis of our religion.

We congratulate the London County Council upon the splendid bargain it has made for the public in the matter of the South London Tramways. For £850,000 the Metropolis comes into possession of a complete tramway system which, on its present footing, would pay a fair return upon a capital of double that amount. With many of the more extravagant fads with which the Council in its earlier days identified itself, we have no sort of sympathy; but on this question of making the tramways a public department instead of a private monopoly it has acted throughout in the best interests of London, showing the right civic spirit properly tempered by business-like prudence. In face of the experience of the provincial centres, where street transit is under public control, there is something very ludicrous in the belated opposition to purchase which still finds expression in certain quarters.

Judging from some of the Cobdenite comments on the Board of Trade returns for September, Great Britain might be in the flood-tide of commercial prosperity. But it is absurd to accept the improvement on one or even two months as anything more than a tendency in the right direction. What are the facts of the commercial position to date? It is true exports have risen in September, 1898, as compared with September, 1897, from £18,305,000 to £19,945,000, an increase of over a million and a half, whilst the imports have increased less than half a million. If this sort of thing were to continue for a year or two we should have some ground for satisfaction. But against this improvement during a particular month we have to set a very different record for the nine months of the year. Since December last our exports are down £3,262,000, whilst our imports have gone up by no less than £14,900,000. On the three quarters of the year consequently we are £17,000,000 to the bad. Obviously there must be no pause in the agitation which it is hoped will result in the foundation in London early in the new year of a regular commercial college on Continental lines. Such a college is badly wanted.

#### LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST SURRENDER.

WHEN hasty journalists assured their readers last Monday morning that now, at last, Lord Salisbury was standing firm, a mighty sigh of relief went up from the whole country. That sigh, in its depth and sincerity, was the measure of the distrust with which the policy of the Foreign Secretary is universally regarded. It had been supposed, and the supposition had found abundant expression, that his lordship was going to play the old, old game; that the surrender which he had achieved in Siam, Tunis, Madagascar, West Africa and China was about to be repeated on the Upper Nile Valley. Great was the relief, therefore, when the morning newspapers told their readers in jubilant tones that a parliamentary paper was published wherein it was set forth that Lord Salisbury was actually standing firm in the Fashoda affair. The thing was proclaimed as a kind of tenth wonder.

Yet a little knowledge of natural history would have kept even the hurried journalist right; the Ethiopian does not change his skin, nor does the leopard change its spots. Neither can Lord Salisbury, as we shall show, alter his inherent tendency to betray the interests of his country. For what is the latest claim which he formulates in regard to our rights in the Upper Nile Valley? It will be found on page 5 of the parliamentary paper, and is dated 9 September, 1898. Telegraphing on that day to Sir E. Monson, he says: "I request you to point out to him (M. Delcassé) that, by the military events of last week, *all the territories which were subject to the Khalifa* passed by right of conquest to the British and Egyptian Governments." This is an entirely new form in which our claim is presented. Hitherto we have held that Egypt's claim to Fashoda, as well as to Khartoum, was based, not on present conquest, but upon an inalienable right which was established by previous possession. More than that; it has always been proclaimed that the British sphere of influence extended to the whole of the Nile Valley and had no relation whatever to the territories which were subject to the Khalifa. It was to the Nile Valley that Sir Edward Grey referred when he made his famous declaration in the House of Commons that any advance into that region by French emissaries would be considered as "an unfriendly act." Yet here is Lord Salisbury throwing overboard this old definite claim in favour of a new vague claim which only includes "*all the territories which were subject to the Khalifa*."

The astounding nature of this new claim of rights is only understood when we come to know what were the territories which were subject to the Khalifa. In 1895 the Egyptian Intelligence Department constructed a map in which was shown "the extent of the Mahdist influence" at that date. According to that map the rule of the Mahdists did not cover the whole of the Upper Nile Valley. It included Fashoda, certainly, but it excluded the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazl. It follows, therefore, that Lord Salisbury by his declaration of 9 September has abandoned all definite claims to the Bahr-el-Ghazl, because it was not a territory which was "subject to the Khalifa." Yet our claim to the Bahr-el-Ghazl is of old standing and is indisputable. This valuable territory, the only valuable district in that region, belonged to the Egyptian Government by right of previous possession, just as much as Fashoda; and if that is not enough we can point to the clear declaration of Sir Edward Grey, for assuredly the Bahr-el-Ghazl is part of the Nile Valley from which he warned-off all French emissaries. Yet Lord Salisbury is abandoning this rich and important province to France.

He does this, as usual, in the form of a bargain. To M. Delcassé he virtually makes this offer: Fashoda has passed by right of conquest to the British and Egyptian Governments, because it was "part of the territory which was subject to the Khalifa." That is not open to discussion; but I am prepared to discuss any claim you may have "to those regions which are not affected by this assertion" (see the Parliamentary Paper, p. 5). No doubt France will, in the end, accept this offer, because she knows by long experience that in dealing with Lord Salisbury she always gets the best of the bargain. This little arrangement on the Upper

Nile Valley will be no exception to the rule, for, in the discussion regarding the territory which was not "subject to the Khalifa," France will be able to point to the map prepared by the Egyptian Government, which shows that the Bahr-el-Ghazl was not, in 1895, under Mahdist rule. Moreover, she will be able to claim that she herself has now occupied the province, for Marchand established a line of outposts between the French base on the Mbomo and Meshra-er-Rek. What counter-claim, after his declaration of 9 September, has Lord Salisbury to present? None whatever. He has abandoned the Nile Valley as our sphere of influence; he has also abandoned the claim of Egypt to her old province. All his efforts are directed to secure Fashoda; for this mess of pottage he is willing to sell Egypt's birthright in the Bahr-el-Ghazl. The richest province in the Soudan in payment for a small, unhealthy trading-post on the Nile to which she has no right whatever—surely that will be for France a most excellent bargain. And yet the egregious Bargain-maker is actually being congratulated by the whole British press upon his firmness in arranging this monstrous bargain.

That is not particularly wonderful, perhaps, but it is an astonishment to find Lord Rosebery giving his approval. For Lord Rosebery knows very well that in the despatch of 9 September Lord Salisbury has, as he puts it, "gone too far in the path of conciliation." He has there circumscribed our claims in the Nile Valley in a manner which could never have been contemplated by the man who was personally and ministerially responsible for the statement that any advance of the French into the Nile Valley would be considered "an unfriendly act." Was he afraid to seem to embarrass the Government in a difficult situation? If so, then he has conspired with Lord Salisbury to betray our interests on the Upper Nile. For Lord Rosebery knows the value of the Bahr-el-Ghazl; he knows also to whom, by right, it should in future belong. He did not mention this province by name but it was clearly in his mind when he said: "I hope that we may find that this mission of Major Marchand, conducted far from French territory, across territory to which France has no claim, and to which other nations have a claim, will prove to be of a local and not of an authoritative character." There is a plain hint to Lord Salisbury, in the words we have underlined, that he ought not to give to France what properly belongs to us. But what is really wanted at the present moment is not a cryptic utterance such as you have there, but an outspoken declaration, and Lord Rosebery is the man to make it. He should have told Lord Salisbury that we must have the Nile Valley, and the whole Nile Valley. Even so we could only have a very faint hope that it would prevent Lord Salisbury from betraying the interests of his country as of yore.

#### THE NEW LAW FOR CRIMINALS.

ON Wednesday or Thursday last (the lawyers are not certain as to the correct date) there came into force an Act of Parliament which will in a way revolutionise our criminal procedure and upset the cherished principles of most lawyers. The law which was passed on the twelfth of August last, to come into operation two months after the date of its passing, in all probability merely restores the old law before the subtlety of lawyers and judges introduced the barbarous practice of closing the mouths of a prisoner and his wife. How many an innocent man has been convicted, or how many a guilty man has escaped, through this custom it is impossible to say, but certain it is that the newer way is not the best way of getting at the truth. The great majority of our prisoners are placed in the dock and have to defend themselves as best they can. They are asked by the judge at the end of a witness's evidence whether they wish to ask the witness a question. If the prisoner, as he generally does, comes plump out with his answer to the charge on this first opportunity, he is abruptly told that is not the time for his defence and that he must only ask questions. Unless he is an old hand he is frightened, and doesn't know what that means, and says nothing. At the end of the case for the prosecution he is told he may now address the jury; but his defence has been put out of his head; he is nervous and confused: he mumbles a few unintelligible words, scarcely audible in the bustle and noise of the

court; the judge sums up and he is convicted. He is then asked if he has anything to say "why the Court should not pass sentence according to law." As a rule he makes no answer; but it has been known that when for the first time he manages to make it clear what his answer to the charge is, and the prosecutor being recalled and questioned admits the new fact just brought to light, the jury have been told they had better reconsider their verdict. At other times it becomes obvious that, though the prisoner has been able to make out something of a defence, he could say more, explain his meaning better, and throw more light on the darkness if he had a little assistance. A jurymen, thereupon, being a person of ordinary common sense, and not a lawyer, tries to help him. "Where were you on that night?" perhaps he asks—very likely a most sensible question, the answer to which might be verified or contradicted—but the offending jurymen is at once pounced upon by the judge, counsel and usher, and told severely he must not ask the prisoner questions. So a fact which might solve a difficulty remains unanswered, because of some antiquated notion of the law; and the jury have to grope about in the dark as best they may for a verdict. In looking for it they too often have the assistance of some of the notorious judges discussed from time to time in our columns, judges who are steadily bringing the law into contempt by acting as counsel for the prosecution.

Under the new law a prisoner is to be allowed to give evidence if he chooses to claim the privilege, and the judge and jury may presumably ask him questions. He may also presumably be cross-examined on the statements made by him, and his wife may also be called as a witness both for or against him. But a fatherly principle is still to protect the poor habitual criminal. If he is wise enough to decline to give evidence, counsel for the prosecution, under this latest enactment in the statute book, is prohibited from commenting on the fact, and from pointing out the inference the jury might justly draw from the refusal of an accused person to submit himself to cross-examination. Counsel may shrug his shoulders, or smile at the jury, but he must not say a word as to the non-appearance in the witness box of the person who could, if he would, go there and explain his conduct upon oath. It is curious that the Act does not go further and stop the judge from making remarks on the silence of the accused. Possibly our legislators did not think of this, and so a judge may, and some of our stupid and wilful judges, we presume, will, point out to the jury the conclusion they should draw if one who is now at liberty to make an explanation declines to do so.

There is another saving clause in the Act for the habitual criminal, who is still guarded and preserved like valuable game. He may break into our houses in the night and strangle defenceless old ladies; but if he is caught, he must be treated with the greatest tenderness. Not a word must be said about his previous history or his private character. When an ordinary witness tells his story in Court, it is allowable, in order to test the value of his evidence, to go into his antecedents. He may be asked as to his past. If he denies that he has been convicted of felony, for instance, such conviction may be proved against him. If he is a scoundrel who is shown to have been guilty of fraud and to have gained his living by preying upon his fellow-creatures, his evidence is received with caution. Not so in the case of the habitual criminal, who, under this new piece of legislation, elects to give evidence in his own favour at his own trial. No question may be put to him tending to show what his past history has been, however bad his past may have been, or however important it is that his character should be known. Only if he brings it on himself by making charges against the prosecution, or by giving evidence of his good character—both of which things the habitual criminal will be careful not to do—may the credibility of his evidence be tested by cross-examination as to his character. But the first thing at the trial of a prisoner an ordinary person, endeavouring to get at the truth and to do justice, seeks to know is, what is his character? The jury, when in doubt, frequently ask to be informed what is known of the prisoner. They are told that is not their business. Judge and

counsel may know all about him, but the arbiters of the facts, those most interested in knowing, are kept in the dark—the surest way to let the guilty go unpunished and the innocent to run some chance of being convicted.

Such are the principles on which the new Act is founded—a step in the right direction, no doubt, and one for which lovers of justice and law-abiding citizens should be thankful, though the step be halting and vacillating. It has long been notorious that barristers, and not necessarily impecunious ones, take fees to work for the conviction of men against whom there is no sound evidence; it has long been notorious also that the police, on discovering evidence proving the innocence of a prisoner, habitually suppress it rather than admit themselves to be in the wrong. In its details, like most modern legal measures, the new Bill is full of uncertainties. During the debate on the Bill a difference of opinion arose among the legal members as to whether an accused person sent for trial should be allowed to give evidence before the grand jury—a good instance of how we oscillate from one extreme to another. Having kept him for centuries from giving evidence when his evidence was wanted, it was thought right to allow him to appear before a grand jury where it could by no possibility be needed. As the business of a grand jury is only to find if there is a *prima facie* case against the accused, it is hard to see what they can have to do with evidence for the defence. However, some very eminent lawyers thought this ought to be allowed, and so sharp was the contest, and so short was the time at the disposal of the House of Commons, that the point was left undecided and in doubt. Our legislators, not being able to make up their minds as to what they wanted, have left it to some other tribunal to find out what they meant. This, and many other difficulties which will present themselves to the eye of the experienced advocate, will before very long have to be settled by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved at the expense of some unfortunate, and possibly innocent, prisoner.

### THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR.—III.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"**D**RUNK, damnably drunk the Dagoes are," said an American sailor, as he helped into the boat some of the survivors of the "Vizcaya," which lay a smoking wreck on the rocks outside Santiago on the afternoon of the 3 July. There is no question but that a great number of the Spanish sailors were picked up in a helplessly intoxicated condition. It is for the Spaniards to tell us whether drink was served out to them before the ships left the harbour to inspire their courage, or whether they had broken into the liquor lockers when the ships had run aground and surrendered. In the former case it might account for the exceptionally bad practice which they made at the American ships. When the waters of the Caribbean Sea closed round the wrecks of the Second Spanish Armada, we instinctively looked back and summed up in our minds the results of the fighting of both navies. Putting aside the question of possibly alcoholised gunners, the practice made on either side was such as to not leave much to boast of. We hear a lot of American marksmanship, so much that perhaps we are beginning to believe in it without any minute examinations of the actual results. The expenditure of the ammunition on the destruction of Cervera's fleet was enormous, but the percentage of hits was practically less than three; whereas in the bombardment of San Juan at Porto Rico, although the forts were fired on by the entire squadron, under Sampson's command, the damage done was practically nil.

I was present at three bombardments of the Santiago Forts, which I watched with great interest. The day after the surrender, I took the earliest opportunity of going up to inspect them myself and take photographs of the damage done. The guns defending Santiago consisted of six six-inch Hontorias taken from one of the ships of the fleet; a number of antiquated cannon, which, however interesting to a museum, were absolutely useless for fighting purposes; a Hotchkiss battery, placed so as to fire across the entrance and what-

ever mines, if any, were laid down in the channel. As regards the damage done by the four bombardments, one of the old guns was completely knocked over, one of the Hontorias was hit, but not sufficiently badly damaged to put the gun out of action, and none of the other guns appear to have been hit at all, although the ground surrounding the batteries was thoroughly ploughed up in all directions. The Spanish practice from the Santiago forts was astoundingly bad. Firing from an elevation of 200 feet, with a long base line, they only succeeded in hitting the American ships three times. At each of the bombardments which I witnessed the American ships came in to within exactly the same range, viz., 2500 yards, but the Spaniards never seemed to get the range accurately. I have seen the shots falling beyond them, falling short, and falling around them, until it looked that even by pure chance they should have struck the Americans oftener. Notwithstanding the reports in American papers, I never saw one of the Spanish batteries entirely silenced, as, although the gunners often retired to the bomb-proof sheds behind their batteries when the American fire became excessively hot, they invariably came back and fired a couple of parting shots as the American ships retired to their blockading stations.

Among the lessons to be learnt from this war it has been clearly demonstrated that torpedo-boats are absolutely useless in daylight against quick-firing and machine guns, and must be regarded in future as the owls of the fleet. Even at night, the search-lights of the American ships, thrown on the entrance of Santiago Harbour, prevented the Spanish torpedo-boats from coming out. Off the coast of Porto Rico the Spanish torpedo-boat "Terror" came out to attack the "St. Paul," but she had not come within three miles' distance when she was stopped dead by an excellently directed fire from the cruiser; one of her engines was disabled, and she was compelled to retire. The torpedo-boat "Winslow," at Cardenas, sent to torpedo a gunboat lying within the harbour, was immediately riddled from the shore when she got inside; one of her engines disabled, five of the crew, including the gallant Lieutenant Bagley, killed, and several wounded before she was towed back. At Manila two torpedo vessels made a brilliant attempt to change the fortune of the day by attacking three of the American cruisers, but were beaten back with heavy loss.

The result of firing dynamite shells was regarded with considerable interest. I examined the places where they had fallen close to Morro Castle. In each case a big hole about five feet deep was made in the ground, but the area of lateral destructiveness was much less than I had anticipated. The dynamite shells that were exploded in the town were fired from the dynamite field gun belonging to the Rough Riders, and appeared in the same way to have done comparatively little damage. It was remarkable, however, what good practice was made by the dynamite shells fired from the "Vesuvius," considering that the guns cannot be trained independently of the ship, as they are fixed firmly in the bow, so that aim must be taken by steering alone. Amongst the odd tips to be learnt from a war is the lesson that mines to be effective must be kept in proper order. While going up Guantanamo Harbour the "Marble Head" and the "Texas" picked up two mines which became entangled in their propellers. Rome was once saved by geese. These ships were saved from destruction by the barnacles which had grown so thickly on the levers of the mines that when the ships struck them, the levers jammed, and were not driven home so as to explode the gun cotton.

The advantage of the use of smokeless powder was a factor that made itself apparent every day of the fighting during the war. My first experience of it was at that ludicrously abortive attempt at landing troops to join the insurgents, from the steamer "Gussie." Bullets from the shore were hitting the funnels and sides of our despatch boat, while we had no idea from what part of the shore the firing came. The "Gussie" herself had a narrow escape of being sunk by a shot from a field battery, the location of which could not be fixed by the gun-boats acting as escort. When 650 marines at Playa del Este had to hold the top of a hill for four days surrounded by Spaniards under cover, the

"su su zip" of the Mauser bullets cutting the air whip-like, was going on over head and around, but there was absolutely nothing to indicate from what part of the surrounding woods the Spanish were firing. When the "Winslow" was so badly mauled at Cardenas, our crew could not locate the spot on the shore from where the hottest fire came. In the fighting outside Santiago the American Volunteers armed with Springfield rifles were the only troops on either side that used the old brown powder. Such arms must now be regarded as quite obsolete. It would be better if the men had been armed with bows and arrows, as then they would not have drawn the enemy's fire in the way they did.

The experiment of using a war balloon at the battle of 1 July was disastrously unsuccessful. As it rose over the tree-tops it did not take the Spanish gunners long before they got the range, and soon succeeded in bringing it to the ground with shrapnel. It had, however, disclosed the American position, and caused great loss of life among the troops who very stupidly had been massed behind it. Lieut. Wise, of the 1st Cavalry, had made such successful experiments, which he demonstrated at Tampa, with a kite camera, that I am surprised it was not made use of by the fleet outside Santiago for the purpose of locating the position of the Spanish fleet within.

I regret that the space at my disposal does not permit me to recount more in detail many of the deeply interesting incidents of this campaign. Americans have every reason to be thoroughly proud of their navy, which, being almost completely free from the curse of their politics, is not handicapped in the same way that the army is. Instances of the bravery, endurance, devotion to duty and heroism from the men of both services are thick in my memory, often showing through the handicapping obscurity of official mismanagement. Amongst which I recall now the sight of the dust-discoloured and limp form of a sergeant of marines, mortally wounded, being carried back from the fighting line; with every laboured breath, dark streams of blood trickled from the corners of his mouth inside his shirt collar. I recollect the worried, tired voice that gurgled out to his bearers, "No, boys, take me back to my post."

A young Cuban wounded in the arm runs back and has it bandaged up and immediately returns to the firing line. He is hardly there a moment when he falls, shot through the stomach. Failing in his effort to rise and fire another shot, he sinks back on the ground, quite full of great content his almost girlish face looks. "Viva Cuba Libre," he calls out, and dies with a smile, which remains on his face after life has gone. But the sinister shadow of criminal mismanagement and political corruption seemed always hovering over the army like a giant vampire, hovering over the deserted wounded, the sick men, sick unto death, crawling miles along a swampy road towards a far-off hospital destitute of supplies, hovering over the men slowly dying of thirst. There is a figure of the American eagle over the War Office in Washington. With slight alteration it might be made a reminiscence of the war. It would not take much to change it from the figure of an eagle into that of a vampire, unpelican-like feeding on its own children, who, under a strange delusion, not realising the nature of their Frankenstein mother, are content to sweat and groan under the most heartlessly tyrannical government on earth—the tyranny of democracy.

#### A TENANT-FARMER.

HE died last year at the age of seventy-eight, a type of those substantial tenant-farmers of the shires who, about the middle of this century, may be said to have reached the height of their prosperity. For full five-and-twenty years, bad times, changed conditions of agriculture and foreign competition have dealt heavily with the once prosperous tenant-farmers; and yet I think there are signs that they have seen the worst of the bad times, and are slowly turning the corner. Rents have been greatly reduced; corn has shown brief signs of better prices; expenses have been everywhere cut down; and now vacant farms are more in demand than they have been for years past. I believe there is yet hope for the tenant-farmers, who,

with the faults and failings of poor humanity, have yet so many good points. Take them all round, there is not in Britain a cleaner-bred, cleaner-living, more honest, manly and straightforward set of men than this. Certain types of civilisation we can well afford to spare; it is needless to name them, they are numerous enough. But we can ill spare the tenant-farmer.

The subject of this sketch, whom I will call John Weston, was born nine-and-seventy years ago in a Midland shire. In that shire his ancestors had been settled for at least four hundred years, probably much longer. They had been since Queen Elizabeth's time mainly yeomen-farmers, occupying their own land. But, as Macaulay pointed out years ago, the yeoman has, since Charles II.'s time, been a steadily vanishing race. John Weston's father was the last of a race of these sturdy yeomen. He lived in his own house, and farmed two hundred acres of his own land. In that ancient sandstone house, with its mullioned windows, low yet spacious rooms, and the date 1651 carved above its front doorway, was born John Weston, one of a numerous family of children. The old gentleman, his father, lived plainly yet comfortably. He was one of the old port-wine school, and when, at rare intervals, he entertained some of his neighbours, after a courting meeting or the like, his excellent cellar must, by his son's account, have suffered heavily from the assaults of the two and three bottle men of that period. The old gentleman was a famous shot, and with a neighbour commanded most of the partidge shooting for miles round. His long-barrelled duck gun hung for many a long year in the kitchen of John Weston.

Hunting was always a passion with John Weston, and one of the earliest of his recollections was the meet of foxhounds in front of his father's house. The hounds were then hunted by Sir Thomas Mostyn, a Welsh baronet; and Sir Thomas and his long-skirted huntsman, Tom Wingfield, never faded out of his recollection. Nor did old Griff Lloyd, a stout old Welsh clergyman, cousin to Sir Thomas, a survival of the port-wine drinking, hunting parsons of the last century, who loved the chase better than he loved anything else in the world, and, despite his immense weight, was usually to be seen at all meets of Sir Thomas's hounds. Griff Lloyd had a wonderful appetite of his own, and John Weston could well remember how the old parson used to relish the pork pies, home-brewed ale, sherry and other good things set forth at his father's table when hounds met near.

Although, in the fashion of those days, his father ruled his family somewhat despotically, John Weston was allowed a good deal of liberty in the way of sport. The gun, so much loved by his father, he never much took to, but of hunting and hunting lore he never tired to the day of his death. One of the first glimpses I remember of him—a good many years ago now—was as he crashed through a tall fence on a well-bred chestnut, and presently rushed in close pursuit of the raving pack. Hunting, indeed, he loved above all other pastimes; he had followed hounds since 1830, and had memories of many celebrated masters: Sir Thomas Mostyn, Sir Charles Knightley, Old Squire Drake, his son the well-known "Tom" Drake, George Payne, Squire Osbaldeston, and many others, who flourished long years before agricultural depression and wire fencing were dreamed of. He had a first-rate seat on a horse, and excellent hands, and his thin, upright figure, handsome fresh-coloured face, and snow-white hair and beard were familiar in the hunting field until but a year or two before he died.

When his own father died, towards 1850—his mother had died many years before—the patrimony was sold and the proceeds divided among the five or six surviving children. I suppose John Weston's share amounted to something between £3000 and £4000—a very sufficient sum of money on which to start and stock a farm.

John Weston thenceforth became a tenant farmer on his own account. In the first instance he rented some four hundred acres, afterwards increased to rather more than five hundred. Not quitting his old village, he married and settled down—after a few years in a smaller dwelling—in a large, comfortable house of the country sandstone, built for him by the great landowner from whom he

rented most of his holding. In that house he brought up his family, and lived the remainder of his days. He had had an excellent training from his father, and was a sound and careful farmer and a good judge of stock of all kinds. He had a great fancy for Hereford cattle, and the fine white-faced, deep-red bullocks were always a sight worth seeing in his pastures. Perhaps, if he had a failing, it was that he disliked hurry in business; was a little hesitating in his judgment; and in the old and good days, like many others of his fellows, kept his wool too long. Now and again he may have scored by thus holding back his fleeces from the wool-buyer, but in the long run I am convinced he was a loser rather than a gainer by the practice.

Like his father before him, he loved a good glass of port, and in his earlier days had laid down an excellent cellar. His '34—that wonderful vintage—lasted, if I am not mistaken, until a little past the eighties, by which time it was beginning to show undoubted signs of age. Yet was John Weston usually an abstemious man, well contented with his glass of home-brewed ale, except upon Sunday afternoons or when he had company. His cellar always held, too, a good store of home-made wine. In autumn, when walnuts were ripe, the old gentleman loved no fruit so well, and a bottle of crowslip wine and a dish of walnuts were of the chiefest of his simple pleasures.

Until past the year 1880 he brewed always his own ale and beer, and, as was then the custom, supplied his farm labourers with their liquor. Thus for the greater part of his lifetime he had, like his father, been accustomed to carry the small beer to his men in the old-fashioned wooden bottles, disposed in a strong wallet slung across his saddle. In harvest and haytime the demands upon his ale cellar were heavy, and the replenishing of those wooden bottles a serious task. I see his erect, white-headed figure still, hooking out each bottle deftly from his wallet with the end of his long-lashed whip, and depositing it by its iron handle under the shade of the tall hedge.

He was extremely fond of blood stock, and for years kept a brood mare or two, from which he bred hunters and steeplechasers. He dearly loved the sight of a race, and occasionally indulged himself in that exquisite pleasure. He seldom travelled far from his land, however, and, although he read much for a farmer, his personal contact with the great outer world beyond his shire was small indeed. He had seen Cossack's Derby, and had been in London perhaps half-a-score of times. Once or twice in his younger days he had ventured to the Isle of Wight or to Wales; but in truth his place was at home, and he was seldom happy if long away. The business visit to the market town was always a quiet pleasure; but of late years the glories of the old-fashioned market "ordinary" have been reluctantly relinquished by most farmers who mean to survive the bad times. The bottle of port went first; then the "ordinary" itself was given up; and, in place of a half-crown dinner and a bottle of wine, a sandwich and a glass of ale sufficed to men of the John Weston type—men with families, who meant to worry somehow through the lean and hard years of agriculture. Yet at home the hospitality seemed but little relaxed. In summer the house was seldom without friends and relatives, enjoying the delights of the country; and, when the fox-hounds met, as they had done for five-and-thirty years, in the home close adjoining the house, there was still the ever-hospitable table, the same kindly welcome for all comers.

Few men ever spent less upon themselves. Dearly though he loved racing he ventured upon but one bet throughout his married life. That was five shillings on Lilian, when she beat Lemnos in the Queen's Plate at Warwick in the early seventies. "A strange good mare, Lilian," as the old gentleman used to say. Coursing—the old-fashioned style of coursing—was a pastime that had descended to him from his father. He usually kept a greyhound, and with a neighbour and his dog would sally forth into the fields to pick up a hare. The chase that ordinarily ensued was a brisk one, and, as the pair of greyhounds fiercely ran their quarry, the two mounted men would follow with the keenest alacrity. More often the field gates sufficed them, but, in moments of excitement, John Weston

would put his nag at a fence with as much ardour as if following the fox itself. His knowledge of the countryside was perfect. Every field, every gate and bridle-path for many a mile round was well known to him. The fox coverts of four shires were mapped out in his brain with wonderful clearness. He had seen many changes in his early days; waste land and heaths enclosed, new coverts planted; and he remembered most of the country by-roads when travelling was made infinitely tedious by unending lines of gates.

He had failings, of course. He was desperately tenacious about rights connected with his land, and for years never spoke to a near neighbour with whom he was at feud concerning the cleaning of a boundary ditch. He was a trifle hot of temper until past middle life; stern with wrongdoers, and much in awe to delinquent crows. In later life this severity of temperament became greatly relaxed. But, take him for all in all, few kindlier or better-hearted men ever breathed. He had to the end of his life a perhaps exaggerated respect—a relic of the last century—for his landlord and other titled magnates of the shire. I believe he never could quite bring himself to realise the absolute secrecy of the ballot. Whether for that reason, or from a quaint sense of loyalty to his landlord, a nobleman of strong Liberal tendencies, John Weston, although himself a Tory and Protectionist, never during his whole lifetime recorded his vote at the poll. He enjoyed the cheery sound of the horn, the stirring sight of hounds in full cry, until his seventy-seventh year. He had never failed in the most crushing of hard times to pay his heavy rent at the half-yearly audit dinner, and in his long life of solid, steady endeavour I don't think John Weston had ever done a mean or dishonest action. His good white head and bright, cheerful countenance will long be remembered by his fellow-sportsmen. And in the village, where a strange blank remains since the disappearance of his well-known figure, the shining example of that good and clean and well-spent life will not, you may be sure, for many a year be forgotten.

H. A. BRYDEN.

#### THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—III.

A STRIKING example of the manner in which the Patriotic Fund Commissioners have nursed up their capital, or, as they call it, "husbanded their resources," is supplied by their handling of a small benefaction—third on the list of the Funds we gave last week—the Rodriguez Fund. Don Francisco Rodriguez was a native of Manila, who left his property for the benefit of "the families of English subjects wounded or dying in the war." The bequest was to those who were "really indigent and necessitous." For some reason or other the money, though bequeathed in 1857, was not all in and ready for investment till 1866, but in that year it was all invested in £7380 worth of Consols. When the Committee of the House of Commons reported, the capital had more than doubled: it had reached the nominal value of £15,071. The actual value of the assets at current prices stood at £18,700. The Secretary of the Patriotic Fund was severely tackled by the Select Committee on the failure to exhaust even the small income of this tiny fund with such large purposes. But things are little better yet. From the last report of the Patriotic Fund we find that only about £220 was spent out of this Rodriguez Fund last year, though it yields an income of over £530. In fact, the capital of this fund was increased by over £320 in 1897. This Rodriguez Fund is, by the Act of 1881, to be treated as if it formed part of the Crimean War Fund. The Commissioners are certainly so treating it. They are nursing it up. This is not exactly what Parliament meant. But the Commissioners are following their plan of "husbanding their resources." On 31 December, 1897, there were but fifteen beneficiaries of the Rodriguez Fund. Two were widows of officers, seven were "other dependents of officers," four were children receiving some grant for education and maintenance, and two were relatives of men below the rank of officer.

The "Captain" Fund, which is only administered by the Royal Patriotic Commissioners, stands nominally now at about £32,000. Its real value is nearer £40,000. The loss of H.M.S. "Captain" in the Bay

of Biscay led to the formation of this Fund by a committee of naval officers who appealed successfully to the public for subscriptions. The committee started operations by making permanent provision for the families of the officers. Then they handed the balance over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, who have distributed relief up till now on the Patriotic Fund scale. This is not very brilliant help after all. The widows get from 6s. to 8s. a week. The allowance is augmented after the age of sixty and becomes 8s. to 10s. After seventy the old-age pension is from 9s. to 11s. a week. The orphan boys and girls are now all grown up, and are off the fund. Of course there is a surplus on this fund. It was £13,208 when the Select Committee of the House of Commons reported. The Committee said the surplus was immediately available for purposes of general relief of distressed dependents of seamen who have lost their lives in the service of the Crown. But the Patriotic Fund Commissioners—those excellent husbanders of charitable resources—have not even used the full income. They transferred £255 from the income to the capital account in December 1896, and did not forget to appropriate to the income account of their general Fund the sum of £41 for management, calculated at 4 per cent. on expenditure. Again, in December, 1897, after paying the £41 once more, they had a surplus income of £228 to add to capital.

The "Eurydice" Fund, which is also a naval relief fund, though only half the size of the "Captain" Trust (£14,396), is in the same condition. The capital was augmented both in 1896 and 1897 by surplus income, nearly £200 being added in the two years. The Commissioners had some scheme in view for applying the surplus assets of these funds "to the relief of necessitous surviving dependents of men lost in these vessels, whose relief when the Funds were first raised was limited to gratuities by the Committee who managed the Funds prior to their transfer" to the Patriotic Fund Commission. But after deciding on this course one year the Commission found in the next that it was not within their powers to apply the Fund in this way. At the date of their last report they were waiting till Parliament should sanction their plan. Waiting. It is a congenial occupation to the Patriotic Fund Commission, for, meanwhile, even the aid "limited to gratuities" is not given out of the surpluses. The resources are being "husbanded," and the surpluses, like a familiar Dickensian figure, are "swelling wisely."

The waiting game is, however, best exemplified by the Royal Naval Relief Fund. This to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners ought to be a fund after their own hearts. Its avowed purpose is to go on accumulating funds until something big can be done with them. The reasoning of the Secretary to the Commission on this Fund is really too good to be summarised. It is a piece of logic which should be exhibited in the bulk. Colonel Young told the 1895 Committee this:—

"From time to time the Commissioners have endeavoured to see what they could do to apply the Fund even in a very limited way, and they found that they are overlapped on the one side by the Royal Naval Fund, and on the other side by the institution in connexion with the Greenwich Hospital Fund, of allowances for those very cases for which the Royal Naval Relief Fund was started; but they were not satisfied with that. They wrote to the Admiralty to ascertain if there were any cases in which it was possible relief could be afforded; but the particulars furnished showed that to have placed anybody on the Fund while it remained so small would practically have been to have simply opened the door to a favoured few, for the cases that have arisen from 1884 were no less than 324 widows and 495 children."

What a pretty reason for doing nothing! What a pretext for further practice in husbanding resources! It was the explosion on board the "Thunderer" that started this Fund; "but," says the Select Committee of 1896, "it does not appear that any assistance had been given to other sufferers than those from the 'Thunderer' until 1894, when the annual expenditure was raised from £36 to £69. This still leaves an available income of £186 for the relief of further cases." So said the Committee; but the Patriotic Fund Com-

missioners thought the £186 quite available for another purpose. Need we say it was the purpose of accumulating capital? The £186 went to the capital account. However, the Parliamentary inquiry did good. In 1896 the Commission raised the number of beneficiaries on this Fund from nine to nineteen, and the relief granted sprang up from £69 to £106, and were content to carry £155 to capital. In 1897 the allowances sprang up to £233 and no capital was accumulated. Only a balance of about £28 was kept in hand. In the last report Colonel Young refrained from saying that it was useless to open the door to a favoured few. The nineteen beneficiaries became twenty-nine, and the Colonel actually made a boast of the virtues of the Commissioners in finding "several" widows upon the Fund.

The story of the Zulu War Fund is more instructive still. This fund represents to-day—or, at least, it did represent on 31 December last—£26,000 of the existing capital in the hands of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners. But £26,000 is actually a bigger sum than that originally handed over to the Patriotic Fund for the express purpose of relieving the sufferings of the dependents of soldiers and sailors killed in the various engagements in 1879. What business has the Commission with all this capital? Is it anything but the intercepted money of the widow and the fatherless? The original sum in hand was £25,524. It was intended to exhaust it in allowances. But a Commission whose gift lies rather in the direction of "husbanding resources" than of exhausting the "corpus" of their funds were so unsuccessful in their efforts to realise this intention that they made surpluses where they should have been constantly diminishing their fund. In 1892 they had a surplus of assets over liabilities amounting to £12,598. Upon that fact the Select Committee of the House of Commons makes one of those statements of fact which in their damning simplicity are worth volumes of scathing censure. They mildly said:—"For twelve years the allowances to widows of private soldiers were limited to 3s. 6d. a week. In 1883 the allowances to widows of non-commissioned officers were raised and assimilated to naval allowances of similar ranks. In 1892 the widows of privates were given 5s. instead of 3s. 6d. a week, with 2s. for each child, but as the 95 widows originally placed on the Fund in 1879 dwindled down—by death and remarriage—to 30 in 1886, it would appear that, in view of the admitted surplus of £8982 in that year, the 3s. 6d. a week could have been safely increased earlier than 1892."

The struggle of the dead widows on their 3s. 6d. a week tardily raised to 5s. a week is over. They have gone to their graves, and the money intended for them can be no longer the object of their longing; and now the Commissioners are hunting up the remarried ones who may have become widows again in order to get rid of surpluses and capital, now that it has so clearly become a reproach to them to have so much money in hand. In 1895 Colonel Young said there would be a difficulty in tracing these women. Since then he has discovered that he can trace them, and the thirty-fifth (last year's) report made a great boast of the restoration of allowances to the women who had remarried, including full allowances on the Patriotic Fund scale on second widowhood. From the remarks in that report no one would ever dream that Colonel Young himself had said in 1895 that there would be a practical difficulty in finding the Zulu War widows. In alluding to the new allowances the Report audaciously said:

"Before the Select Committee of the House of Commons this policy was called in question on the ground that we should never be able to trace the remarried women because they had not received allowances while remarried, and therefore had been off the books of the Fund for many years. The results have refuted this forecast."

And the whole policy of husbanding resources until some widows were dead and could no longer benefit from the subscription made expressly for them, and until others remarried and by their remarriage presumptively removed themselves from the urgent need of help—this absurd policy is defended in the same thirty-fifth report as if it were the height of wisdom. The italics are our own:—

"The rates of allowances to the widows below th

rank of officer were felt to be quite inadequate for the time when old age should deprive them of the means of contributing to their own maintenance. To give effect therefore to our general policy, which, as we have already intimated, has had, as the highest object attainable, the increase of allowances to widows in old age, it became necessary for a considerable period of time to limit the demands on the resources of the Zulu War fund. This we did by charging the Fund with small allowances while the widows were mostly young; by taking off the Fund 28 of the orphan daughters of non-commissioned officers and men and placing them in the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum free of charge to the Fund; and by directing that widows on remarriage should not, as in the Patriotic Fund, have half allowance while remarried or have any claim to restoration to full allowance on second widowhood."

The very classes whose claims to relief were set aside have now been brought in to dispose of that surplus of £12,598 to which the Parliamentary Committee made such significant reference, and even now the income of a fund larger than the original "corpus" is not spent, but there was £131 of a surplus transferred last December to the swelling capital. The contribution of this fund, by the way, to the salaries, pensions, &c., which come under expenses of management is £37.

Passing over the small "Atalanta" Fund, which was originally £9275, to meet the wants of 76 persons who had been dependent on those lost in the "Atalanta" and is still £7300, we come now to the Soldiers' Effects Fund, the most important in the hands of the Commissioners after the Crimean War Trust. The capital in the Commissioners' hands is now £146,000. This money is unclaimed property of deceased soldiers. The War Office in 1884 handed over £44,000 as a just instalment to the Patriotic Fund; it accumulates without any "husbanding," and no doubt ought so to accumulate. It is in a different position from the subscribed charities. Still it appears to have been "husbanded" too, and the Select Committee pointed out that in 1895 only £1061, out of an income of £4835, had been spent. It is nominally available not only for the widows and children of those killed in war, but for the dependents of those who die from any illness or injury traceable to their military duties. In this case the Commissioners have been able to plead that limitations have been imposed by the Secretary of State for War upon their expenditure of the fund; but the Committee of the House of Commons expressed an emphatic opinion that no directions from the War Office should be allowed to override those of the Royal Warrants prescribing the fund. Has this opinion had any effect upon the husbanding process? Not much up to last December, at all events, for the accounts at that date show that out of an income of £5271 only £1105 went to widows and orphans, about £45 went to the management, and more than £5000 went to swell the capital of the fund; and the Commissioners are in the same report deploring, mind you, that they have not funds to meet the numerous applications sent to them for the relief of our soldiers' widows, that they cannot provide for more than a fraction of the necessitous cases with which they are now authorised to deal. The Indian Army (Europeans) Effects Fund has only recently been transferred to the Patriotic Commissioners, and may be ignored for the moment, its capital being but £600.

The Zervudachi Fund has a curious history. A Greek merchant of Alexandria, named Sir Constantine Zervudachi, in recognition of the benefits he had derived from the English intervention in Egypt, was moved to send the Commander-in-Chief—then the Duke of Cambridge—a donation of £1300. The Commissioners were not tied by any difficulties or limitations or strict conditions of trust here. What was best in these conditions to do with the fund; spend it or keep it? The Commissioners have kept it. When in doubt, be sure the Royal Patriotic Fund will "husband its resources." Neither principal nor interest was spent up to the end of 1894. After the Select Committee of 1896 was appointed, the widow of a soldier who died during the Abyssinian campaign of 1867 was placed on the fund; at the end of 1895—such is the result of the fierce light of public criticism when it beats on the Patriotic

Fund Commission—three widows and four children were receiving allowances from it to the extent of £28 out of an income of £60. But at the last accounting there were but two widows and the four children on the fund; the capital (face value) stood at £1831, and out of an income of £62 the sum of £46 was being expended in relief.

We have already given a detailed list of the various funds, including the £900,000 of capital in the Patriotic Fund. Of the educational endowments, including the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum Fund, we need say nothing. They belong to the controversies of the past, and so also does the Victoria Relief Fund (about £62,000), over which there were once fierce battles. It is now admitted, and, according to the Select Committee's report, admitted with "something like unanimity, that the fund is now being administered to its full capacity." The Ashantee War Fund (£2000) is a trifling one, which has given but trifling relief to its beneficiaries. There are but nine widows on it, and the public will want convincing that more might not still be done for them with the money. Lastly, there is the fund for the relief of those men in whom the country ought to have a never-dying interest—the survivors of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. There are but twenty-one now to divide an interest in a capital of £2500. A hampering trust deed limits their allowances to such a sum and no more as would with any pension each man received from any other source make up the sum of seven shillings a week." That trust deed is worthy of the Patriotic Fund Commission itself. It was one of the recommendations of the Select Committee that there should be no more such husbanding of resources for the remnant of the gallant Six Hundred.

#### MAX, MR. ARCHER, AND OTHERS.

CREATIVE power, the power to conceive ideas and to execute them, is an attribute of virility: women are denied it. In art, as in science, politics and other branches of human activity, the part taken by women may often be quite charming, but serious it never is. Neither in painting nor in writing have women ever originated. Whatever they have done in these arts has been mere work of imitation. Their aim has always been, and will always be, that their work may not betray their sex: they know that, as women, they have no *locus standi* in art. In so far as they practise art at all, they are aping virility, exceeding their natural sphere. Never does one understand so well the failure of women in art as when one sees them deliberately impersonating men upon the stage and, despite all their efforts, remaining, as they always do, utterly and obviously feminine. It often happens that men impersonate women on the stage with great success. In gesture and manner, Mr. Dan Leno talking about "Mrs. Kelly" is as feminine as anything could be. There is plenty of evidence that the actors who, in the Greek and in the Elizabethan drama, represented female characters, acquitted themselves well and produced the necessary illusion. Some of the most successful lawyers, doctors and merchants of our time won early laurels as Alcestis, or Antigone, or Electra, on the classic boards of the A.D.C. I myself have seen Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Penley playing female parts almost as well as Mr. Dan Leno is playing one now. But I have never seen an actress, young or old, in any theatre, playing a man's part with any verisimilitude. This fact is the more remarkable, in that acting is the one art in which women can rival men. Every drama must contain male and female characters, and, for a reason which I shall anon suggest, it is better that the female characters be acted by women. Thus, in theatrical art, women have a *locus standi* and can attain success. But the fact remains that, though many actors can successfully obscure their sex, no actress can ever obscure hers. The explanation is simple. Men and women are not two creatures of wholly distinct composition. A man contains in himself the whole of a woman's nature, plus certain other qualities which make the difference between him and her. And for him to obscure these other qualities for a theatrical purpose is easier than for her to assume them. Now, in exact ratio as the man is more successful in a female character than *vice versa*,

so is it, on the whole, more pleasant to see a woman in the character of a man than a man in the character of a woman. The greater the æsthetic illusion, the more strongly does our natural sense of fitness rebel against the travesty of nature. To me, and doubtless to most people, there is something rather uncanny, not very pleasant, in (for example) Mr. Dan Leno impersonating Mrs. Kelly's friends. On the other hand, when Miss Millard masquerades, in "Lady Ursula," as a youth of the last century, the effect is simply pleasing. The bounds of sex remain inviolate. In gesture, deportment and manner, Miss Millard is as feminine as ever: only the other characters in the play could possibly be deceived as to her sex. Nor, from the point of æsthetic illusion, does this greatly matter. For, like Rosalind or Mignon, Lady Ursula does but dress up as a boy, in the course of the play, and we are, at a pinch, willing to believe that the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are deceived by her assumption, though we ourselves see through it so very clearly. It is only when an actress undertakes to play a male character—as Madame Bernhardt, Lorenzaccio; Mrs. Bandmann Palmer, Hamlet; Miss de Lussan, Cerubino—and tries to illude directly the audience itself, that the play materially suffers. "Lady Ursula" loses little or nothing by the feminineness of Miss Millard in boy's costume, and it gains much by her gaiety in the scenes of comedy, and her tenderness in the sentimental scenes, by the general charm of her acting. Mr. Herbert Waring acts, as usual, most admirably. Mr. Fulton, in a smallish part, distinguishes himself by his sense of the play's period; he is, indeed, the only member of the cast who really suggests that period—the others are too obviously of this century. Personally, I would rather that Mr. Percy Lyndal, Mr. Cosmo Stuart and the others should play their parts in so modern a spirit as they do than that they should exploit the clumsy antics and dreary affectations with which the manners of the eighteenth century are usually parodied on the stage. Nevertheless, "Lady Ursula" would be all the better if the actors, observing Mr. Fulton as their model, would import a little more "style" into their demeanour. Also, the stage-manager might have been a little more careful about the *mise-en-scène*. In the third act, for example, though the walls, with their columns and their sconces, are Georgian enough, the sideboard and the chiffonier of imitation oak (with bevelled glass let into the panels) destroy all illusion of the period and transport us straight into the Tottenham Court Road. Also, Mr. Anthony Hope might, by taking a little more trouble, have given his dialogue more of the eighteenth-century tone. In the third act, which is in every way the best act, he has managed to convey some of the florid formality of the period. But in the other acts, beyond throwing in a frequent "egad" or "on my life" he seems not to have attempted anything of the kind. His dialogue is pleasant enough; it is imbued with his own airy mediocrity of style, which some people might mistake for distinction. But, in the writing of a *rococo* comedy, something rather more delicate and more exquisite than that is demanded—demanded, I should say, only by a very small class of playgoers. The vast majority of playgoers neither knows nor cares about literary style. The dramatic critics seem to care about it, but, with a few exceptions, not to know about it. In fact, so far as commercial success is concerned, literary style is the last thing which any dramatist need covet. "Lady Ursula" will be, commercially, a great success. Except the fourth act, it has none of those flaws on which the public set the ready finger of disapproval. Without the fourth act, it would, indeed, be a really well-constructed play. I wonder how many plays have been marred by the dramatist's insane idea that there ought always, at all costs, to be a fourth act?

I have a great esteem and admiration for Mr. Archer, and I am sorry to learn, in the light of this week's "World," that he has been fretting about me and my method of criticism. He complains publicly of me that I am in the habit of "fabricating authorities" and "fabricating opinions." This is not quite just. As to my "authorities," Mr. Archer must not suppose that every one of my quotations which he cannot immediately verify is an original composition of my own.

As to my "opinions," I assure Mr. Archer that they are all quite genuine, natural and sincere. I may often exaggerate things. I may often invent things. But that does not mean that my general opinions are not honestly held by me. Sometimes, when, as for this article, the time at my disposal is rather brief, I have no time for exaggeration and invention, and I have to serve up my opinions without the usual garnish, to serve them up as obvious, unadorned convictions. Does Mr. Archer suppose that the usual garnish would make them, fundamentally, any the less real? As for Mr. Archer's objections to my theory that "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" are no longer good for production, I am not at all convinced by them. He declares that "even of those who have seen a play before, and perhaps seen it several times, practically no one retains any clear recollection of a single detail of conception or execution, intonation, emphasis or business." Surely a very strange contention! It seems that Mr. Archer himself, when he saw the new production of "Macbeth" a second time, found he had "forgotten almost all the details of the first performance, not three weeks earlier."

Well! every one's memory is weak in some direction. I myself cannot remember dates or proper names. Mr. Archer cannot remember details of acting. But he must not imagine that the average playgoer is in similar case. He asks whether I could compare, "even at half-a-dozen crucial points," previous actors in the part of "Macbeth" with Mr. Forbes Robertson. Certainly, I could. I have seen, in all, only three performances of "Macbeth," and I could easily discriminate between them in many details. But I would not shrink from an even harder test. In "Hamlet" I have seen many artists, including Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mrs. Bandmann Palmer, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Mr. Murray Carson. If Mr. Archer wish—I am sure he will not wish—that I should give him a private representation, showing some of the main points in which these artists differed or agreed in treatment of (say) the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, I shall be happy to oblige him. Possibly, my memory for acting may be abnormally developed; but I am sure that, even so, Mr. Archer's memory for acting is abnormally undeveloped, and that he must not regard himself as being, in point of memory, a typical playgoer. If he inquire, he will find, I think, that most playgoers will be able to recall for his benefit many of those tricks of intonation, emphasis and so forth, which he supposes to be immediately forgotten by almost everyone in the audience.

But Mr. Archer has another quaint objection to my theory. He says that "curiosity and suspense are not indispensable factors" in drama, and he seems to deduce from that proposition that one can see a good play any number of times without any diminution of æsthetic pleasure. Of course, one's pleasure in a work of art is not limited to first sight. But I maintain that there is a limit to æsthetic receptivity, and that when one has heard about and read about a play till one knows it through and through, one cannot (even if one has never before seen it acted) derive from it any real and lively pleasure from its presentation. Even one's favourite poem or picture begins to pall when one studies it too constantly. But the poet's or painter's appeal is direct, whilst the dramatist appeals through the mime, and so appeals in a new way through every new mime? Exactly. And when one sees "Hamlet," one thinks only of the mime. The mime overshadows the play. The proper relations between him and the dramatist are upset. And that, I maintain, is a very unsatisfactory state of things. I proposed, as a remedy, that "Hamlet" and other classics should be left in abeyance for thirty years. Mr. Archer scouts that plan as impossible, and hints that, on the contrary, there ought to be a State Theatre, in which "Hamlet," &c., shall be acted as often as they possibly can be. I am afraid that there will not be such a theatre in our time. Personally, I wish there could be, for it would be a simple means of sickening every one of "Hamlet," &c., so thoroughly that my "close time" for those plays would very soon become a necessity and a fact.

MAX.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

THE New Gallery venture in French painting is a sad, a shocking business. Imagine a public entertainer who should conduct his house for years on strict abstainer's principles, protesting with especial fervour against French wines as noxious and poisonous stuff, and then in an off-season opens his doors with an invitation to his clients to come and enjoy a consignment of samples of those same tabooed vintages! Imagine, further, the probable quality of such an entertainment, and you have no unfair picture of the effect of this collection on the habitual student of French painting. The directors must forgive us if, thanking them for the best intentions, we make wry faces as we taste. I seem to see Messrs. Hallé and Carr unpacking the goods with doubtful hands, sipping with guilty curiosity, and passing on to their customers with bold encouraging citations. "This, I'm told, is a rich tawny Roybet, with notable blood-making properties; the next is a sound nutty Gérôme, long in bottle; and the Collin is a dry, light liquor, highly recommended for gouty subjects. There is not a headache in a dozen of those sparkling Romanis."

The surrender is shocking, but not at all surprising. For we may put aside the theory that the directors, disliking French art as much as ever, have been forced, belatedly, to follow the fashion. It is more reasonable, as well as more to their credit, to suppose that their curiosity was really pricked, that they went to spy out the land, that falling in with a number of shockingly bad painters, they rubbed their eyes and exclaimed, "Why this is what we like! Indeed, it has been suggested that a picture here, by a certain M. Mottez, was the agent of conversion. This picture is, indeed, more like Mr. Hallé's work than anything else that we have seen in public galleries. It is like a Poynter in pictorial conception, but without the tightness of drawing that distinguishes that painter. Now that there should be a kind of loose Poynter among French painters must have come to the New Gallery mind as a revelation, charged equally with joy and remorse. That from so many negatives should be taken the one positive, the tight technique, that a Frenchman should be found with no "mere technique" about him—such a discovery accounts for the admission of the whole consignment."

But the puzzle of how the exhibit came about in the New Gallery is, after all, of minor interest. As a representation of contemporary French painting it would be hard to surpass for triviality. The critics have been, on the whole, uncommonly forbearing. It is difficult to freshen the conscience of critics who have developed with years a kind of callous, bored good-nature, but surely they owe it to their public to apply some such rough test as the question, "If I had a friend prepared to lay out five pounds on my recommendation, should I allow him to spend it on such a picture? If not, I have no right to praise the picture." Praise should be handicapped to at least the amount of five pounds in England, one pound in France. Now, I may be mistaken, but I doubt whether a critic bound not to praise, so to speak, at scratch, but with a five-pound handicap, would have a good word for many of the pictures here; and it must be remembered that the amount of the handicap ought to increase directly with the pretensions of the picture. For example, a nude like that by M. Machard, which occupies a centre in the West Gallery, should be handicapped at least as high as fifty pounds, for at that price the purchaser of such a picture in this country considers either that he has bought the picture cheap, or very much too dear; it is either a bargain or worthless. Therefore, when I read comments on this fluffy nude eulogistic in effect, but translatable merely into the remark that it is an inoffensive family nude, I feel that such comments fall far below the minimum handicap that the pretensions of the picture impose. If drawing and colour are to be no better than that, the nude is ruled out of the painter's range altogether. Again, on any reasonable agreement as to the portrait painting to be treated with silence, no voice nor hideous hum would be raised about M. Bordes, and the landscapes of M. Tattegrain would be ignored along with hundreds of better pictures to be seen in the home exhibitions.

With this test applied to prune tolerant judgments, one or two painters, I gather, would emerge—M.

Benjamin Constant for one, M. Raphael Collin, M. René Billoth, and I should put in a word for M. Albert Gosselin, though the landscape he sends is not one of his best. Of all the exhibitors here he seems to me the only one in whose painter's nature there is not something actively disagreeable. He is more brilliant one day than another, but the voice from day to day continues a tolerable pleasant voice, and year after year at the Salon his name is found on one's notes some distance below Pointelin's. M. Benjamin Constant, on the other hand, is the most strangely endowed man among them. He is neither so highly nor so richly endowed as was our own Millais, but he resembles him in his great ability flavoured through and through with tastelessness. Among the portraits here one, the "Portrait de ma Tante," is almost free from positive offence; he has not attempted to make it artistic, save for a little indulgence in the colours of the chair. It represents simply his sheer ability in drawing and modelling a head. There is much downright good work in it. Looked at close, the forms of the features, the transitions from light to shadow, and the character of the sharp old eyes peering across the bird-like nose are well expressed. But at a somewhat greater distance the delicacies do not tell; the effect is of something cut in wood and over-polished, a defect of vision, by which a furrow is always a shade too much incised, a light too much forced, the emphasis of parts too great, spoils the whole. The painter must have felt this himself, and, unable to correct the judgment of his eye when working naturally and honestly, he has cast about for means of making his pictures otherwise attractive. But when he relies upon his taste to produce something agreeable he is at once betrayed; the portrait of the niece is much less agreeable than the portrait of the aunt, and also much less well drawn. In place of searching execution we have trickery; the features no longer grow out of one another, but are applied ornaments (compare the mouths in the two pictures), and unfortunately not beautiful ornaments. The colour that came of research was much pleasanter than the colours that come of choice. In the portraits of M. Hanotaux and M. Saint-Saens there is research, but the defect of scale and emphasis makes them uncomfortable, aggressive things to look at. One feels that if M. Hanotaux were tapped he would crack all over like a china jar.

M. Raphael Collin's art is the opposite of M. Constant's. Its root lies in taste, in a liking for a blond scheme, for pale flesh colour against pale verdure. In such an art it is natural to pardon weaknesses in the making good of a vision for the sake of a hint of exquisite perception. But in M. Collin's pictures the hint of a decorative treatment is surely traded on too confidently; on this scale the boneless, papery forms are too empty; Zephyr displayed on the scale of Hercules makes nonsense of a precarious effect. M. Billoth may be described as an attenuated form of Cazá applied to those dreary regions that lie outside the gates of Paris. The impulse is certainly an artist's.

The third room is filled by the collection of Signor Bordini, a Florentine dealer. It is made up of such gleanings of the great times as may still be seen in the antiquity shops of Florence and Venice. Thus there are examples of a number of bronze figures, including the group of Samson and the Philistines, to be seen in the Bargello, and a series of the lovely fifteenth-century Venetian wine-coolers, mortars and handbells, of which we have some examples at Kensington. Armorial shields, majolica, marble busts, tables, pedestals, tapestries, make up an agreeable jumble, whose rich, faded tones, when combined, flatter each individual object. Nothing is prettier than the set of embroidered cushions arranged round the room, with their tarnished gold, silver and silk. A few pictures complete the show:—a version (with variations) of Botticelli's "Judith," some second-rate Cassone panels, and a genuine Bacchiacca. Nothing is much worse than a genuine Bacchiacca. But this is battered into a kind of harmony with its surroundings. If the directors had intrusted the other galleries in like manner to an intelligent picture-dealer, the contrast between the rich wreck of the old and the vulgar impotence of the new would have been less distressing. D. S. M.

## MONEY MATTERS.

WHETHER it is Fashoda or the rise of the Bank rate in Berlin, or the shadow before of the rise in the Bank rate here, the Stock Markets have again had a very dull week, and there will presently have to be a Mansion House Fund for the rescue of impoverished dealers. The immediate cause of the stagnation of business is, of course, the almost total absence of public buying, due, no doubt, to a general uneasiness with regard to the political situation. No one believes that there is going to be war between England and France over the Fashoda business. To mention it is to perceive its impossibility, unless France loses all sense of responsibility. But than there *may* be war, and that little word is enough to frighten the ordinary investor or speculator away. The stagnation has, however, lasted so long that some people are being tempted into hasty generalisation, and suggest that the gambling habit is departing from our shores. Every one knows that it is the gambler and not the stolid matter-of-fact investor who brings activity and profits to the Stock Exchange, and it is certain that for many months past speculation has almost ceased. The Anti-Gambling League may therefore rejoice for a while, but a spell of calm political weather after the unsettled days we have passed through since the beginning of the present year will soon send people to the Stock Markets again, feverishly hastening to get rich. At present, accounts open for the rise or for the fall are of very small extent, and the general tone of all the markets is firm.

The sudden jump in the Bank Rate on Thursday from 3 to 4 per cent. took every one by surprise. It was generally expected that the rate would be raised, after the rise in the Berlin rate from 4 to 5 per cent., but it was not supposed that it would be put higher than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. No doubt the Bank, intelligently anticipating events, has decided to take precautions in time, but at the moment the monetary position certainly does not seem to have required such drastic treatment, and the market was therefore at first disposed to attach some political significance to the event. The stringency at Berlin is by no means relieved as yet, and further withdrawals of gold for New York are expected; but the Bank Returns on Thursday did not indicate any actual difficulties here, except that the total Reserve is now very close to £20,000,000, the figure below which the Bank does not wish it to go. There was a fall in the total reserve of £95,161, but the proportion of reserve to liabilities increased 2·10 per cent. to 46·30 per cent. The discount market has been disorganized by the sudden rise in the Bank Rate, and outside rates have risen to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for three-months' fine bills, whilst short loans were charged  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent. per annum, money being in good demand. The Joint Stock banks have raised their deposit rate to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the discount houses are offering  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for money at call and at notice respectively.

Changes in the different markets during the week have not been great, but they have been mostly in a downward direction. Home Rails are nearly all down. American securities have suffered in similar fashion. Industrials have been absolutely inactive. Kaffirs have been almost featureless, with the exception of a rise of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in Pioneers, and Westralians have shed their values with admirable impartiality. The Settlement which concluded on Thursday was not a cheerful one, values being generally depressed by the Fashoda incident, but, on the whole, the different markets have not fared very badly during this latest phase of political uneasiness. With practically no weak accounts open for the rise the Stock Exchange, provided it is not seized with sudden panic, as it unfortunately often is, can withstand rumours and alarms at the present time with some approach to equanimity.

The shareholders of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway have every reason to be satisfied with the recently issued report. Amongst the most important features to be noted in the affairs of the Company are the steady development at the Bahia Blanca terminus of the railway, and the new extension at Neuquen. The Bahia Blanca port, it seems, is gaining a firmer

hold every year upon the trade of the province, while the Neuquen extension has opened up a large territory which can only be served through Bahia Blanca. Apart from these special advantages, however, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern has been the most fortunate of all the Argentine railways. Owing to its position it has practically escaped the disastrous effects of the locust invasion which devastated other parts of the country. The balance dividend which has just been announced is at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making, with the interim dividend, 6 per cent. for the year, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. higher than that of last year. No less than £100,000 is placed to Reserve, and £9317 is carried forward. The total Reserve of the Company, therefore, now stands at £475,000, and this is safely invested in Consols and railway and corporation stocks. The working expenses are remarkably low and absorb only 38·49 per cent. of the receipts as compared with 38·13 for 1897.

NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.  
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

| Company.                    | Dividends<br>1897-8. | Price<br>12 Oct.  | Yield p.c.<br>£ s. d. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Great Northern "A" .....    | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 52                | 4 1 8                 |
| Midland Deferred .....      | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 85 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 3 18 8                |
| Brighton Deferred .....     | 7                    | 179               | 3 18 2                |
| Great Northern Deferred ..  | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 56                | 3 15 10               |
| South Eastern Deferred ...  | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 12 7                |
| North Eastern .....         | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 176               | 3 12 4                |
| North Western .....         | 7                    | 198 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 10 5                |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire .. | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 147 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 9 5                 |
| Brighton Ordinary .....     | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 184               | 3 9 3                 |
| Great Northern Preferred... | 4                    | 118               | 3 7 9                 |
| South Western Deferred ...  | 3                    | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 3 6 3                 |
| Midland Preferred .....     | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 2 19 8                |
| Great Eastern .....         | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 117 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 19 6                |
| South Western Ordinary ...  | 6                    | 222 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 19 6                |
| Metropolitan .....          | 3 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 128               | 2 18 7                |
| Great Western .....         | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 165 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 17 5                |
| South Eastern Ordinary ...  | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 151               | 2 12 1                |
| Great Central Preferred ... | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$      | 61                | 2 9 2                 |

Lord Lurgan, the chairman of the Gill McDowell Jarrah Company, Limited, had a very favourable statement to place before the shareholders at the statutory meeting of the Company on Monday last. The whole of the properties in Western Australia have now been transferred to the Company, and rapid progress is being made in the erection of three new mills on the Drake's Brook property. These are expected to be completed in about ten weeks, and by the date of the next annual meeting there will probably be at least ten mills at work to enable the Company to cope with the great demand which exists for Jarrah wood in this and other countries. Up to the present, the mills taken over by the Company have been working at their utmost capacity solely to supply the local demand, and it has not yet been possible to send consignments to Europe or South Africa, where the demand is already very great, and is rapidly increasing. As the merits of Jarrah wood for paving and other purposes become more widely known, the demand is likely to increase indefinitely, and there is no likelihood that competition will diminish the large profits that are being made in the industry for many years to come. In fact, other companies already in the field have offered to buy Jarrah from the Gill McDowell Company in order to fill the numerous orders they are unable to fill themselves. The dividend on the Preference shares will be paid in January, and probably an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares as well. We have no doubt that when the Company has obtained an official quotation, both the Preference and Ordinary shares will command a substantial premium.

We pointed out when the Gill McDowell Company first came before the public that the area of forest it was to acquire compared very favourably with that of the already existing companies. In the course of the transfer of the properties it has turned out, however, that the prospectus very considerably understated the area. Instead of acquiring 154,000 acres of forest, the Company actually possesses 159,000 acres. As the following table shows, the price per acre paid for this

property was less than that paid by any other of the principal Jarrah wood companies.

| Company.            | Acres of forest. | Purchase price. | Price paid per acre. |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| Gill McDowell ..... | 159,000 ...      | £200,000 ...    | £1 5s.               |
| Jarrahdale .....    | 370,000 ...      | 250,000 ...     | £1 10s.              |
| Millars' .....      | 112,000 ...      | 250,000 ...     | £2 4s.               |
| Davies' .....       | 68,000 ...       | 175,000 ...     | £2 11s.              |
| Jarrah Timber ..... | 61,000 ...       | 215,000 ...     | £3 10s.              |

The Millars' Karri and Jarrah Forests Company has paid a dividend of 15 per cent. on its ordinary shares, which are quoted to-day at £2 12s. 6d. From the Gill McDowell Company at least as good results may be expected, and its shares should therefore eventually reach as high and even a higher price. The management of the Company is in very capable and experienced hands.

#### NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

| Company.                | Dividend 1897. Per cent. | Price 12 Oct. | Yield per cent. |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Bovril Deferred.....    | 5 ...                    | 8 1/2         | 8 0 0           |
| Do. Ordinary .....      | 7 ...                    | 1 1/2         | 7 9 4           |
| Linotype Deferred (£5)  | 9 ...                    | 7 1/2         | 6 6 3           |
| Mazawattee Tea .....    | 8 ...                    | 1 1/2         | 5 16 4          |
| Holborn & Frascati..... | 10 (1) ...               | 1 1/2         | 5 14 3          |
| National Telephone (£5) | 6 ...                    | 5 1/2         | 5 9 1           |
| D. H. Evans & Co. ....  | 12 ...                   | 2 1/2         | 5 8 10          |
| Linotype Ordinary (£5)  | 6 ...                    | 5 1/2         | 5 6 8           |
| Harrod's Stores .....   | 20 ...                   | 3 1/2         | 5 3 2           |
| Spiers & Pond (£10) ... | 10 ...                   | 19 1/2        | 5 2 6           |
| Salmon & Gluckstein ... | 8 ...                    | 1 1/2         | 4 18 5          |
| Bryant & May (£5) ...   | 17 1/2 ...               | 18 1/2        | 4 14 7          |

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

In accordance with the promise we made a fortnight ago we give below an estimate, as complete as the data at hand will permit, of the probable profits of the Rand Mines, Limited, in the immediate future, and of the relation which the present market price of the shares bears to their real value. This powerful gold-mining corporation, which has an issued share capital of only £332,708, is to be ranked amongst the biggest and most successful enterprises the world has seen, for it does not admit of doubt that twelve months hence it will be making profits at the rate of at least a million and a quarter sterling per annum. At the present time, as the following table shows, its share of the profits earned by the deep-level mines already at work amounts to £57,405, or at the rate of nearly £700,000 per annum.

TABLE A.

| Mine.               | September profit.  | Rand Mines proportion per cent. | Rand Mines proportion. |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| Rose Deep .....     | £30,650 .....      | 36 .....                        | £11,000                |
| Geldenhuis Deep ... | 26,200 .....       | 40.8 .....                      | 11,200                 |
| Jumpers Deep .....  | 7,350 .....        | 66.5 .....                      | 5,430                  |
| Nourse Deep.....    | 5,200 .....        | 71.5 .....                      | 5,300                  |
| Crown Deep .....    | 21,400 .....       | 77.6 .....                      | 21,750                 |
| Glen Deep .....     | 3,700 .....        | 45.8 .....                      | 1,825                  |
| Durban Deep .....   | 2,024 .....        | 20.3 .....                      | 900                    |
| Wolhuter .....      | 8,050 (Aug.) ..... | 18.7 .....                      | 3,000                  |

£57,405

Only one of the above mines, the Rose Deep, is at present working with its full complement of stamps, and the table does not, therefore, by any means represent the profits likely to be earned in the immediate future. Moreover, two of the mines, the Glen Deep and the Durban Roodepoort Deep, have only just started crushing, and will certainly show greatly improved results when they have been at work for two or three months, whilst neither the Crown Deep nor the Nourse Deep are as yet earning the profits which they will ultimately earn when certain initial difficulties in the working of the mines have been overcome. In the following table we have, however, calculated the results which will be obtained when each mine has its full complement of stamps at work on the basis of the profits earned in September, and our estimate must therefore be taken as extremely conservative, and all the more so because, with the larger number of stamps in

operation, working costs are certain to be considerably reduced. In May and June of next year two new deep-level mines, the Ferreira Deep and the Langlaagte Deep, will enter upon the crushing stage, and we have therefore added a careful estimate of the probable earnings of these two mines, and of the proportion of their profits which will go to the parent company. In the final calculation it is not necessary to make any allowance for capital expenditure, since we understand that it will be the policy of the deep-level mines of the Rand Mines group to debit the working costs with a due proportion of the expenditure under this head.

TABLE B.

| Mine.            | Stamps at work. | Stamps in full mill. | Monthly profit with full mill. | Rand Mines proportion. |
|------------------|-----------------|----------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Rose Deep.....   | 200 ...         | 200 ...              | £30,650 .....                  | £11,000                |
| Geldenhuis Deep  | 190 ...         | 200 ...              | 27,500 .....                   | 11,200                 |
| Jumpers Deep ... | 90 ...          | 200 ...              | 16,300 .....                   | 10,600                 |
| Nourse Deep..... | 70 ...          | 100 ...              | 7,400 .....                    | 5,300                  |
| Crown Deep ..... | 160 ...         | 200 ...              | 26,750 .....                   | 20,700                 |
| Glen Deep.....   | 60 ...          | 100 ...              | 6,200 .....                    | 2,800                  |
| Durban Deep ...  | 47 ...          | 100 ...              | 4,300 .....                    | 900                    |
| Wolhuter .....   | 100 ...         | 200 ...              | 16,000 .....                   | 3,000                  |

£65,500

Add the estimated monthly profits of

|                         |         |                |        |
|-------------------------|---------|----------------|--------|
| Langlaagte Deep — ...   | 100 ... | £6,000 (97%)   | £5,800 |
| Ferreira Deep ... — ... | 150 ... | 58,000 (58.3%) | 34,000 |

£105,300

Profit per annum accruing to Rand Mines,

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Limited .....                            | £1,260,000 |
| Deduct 25 per cent for vendors' lien ... | 315,000    |

Total profit available for dividends .....

£945,000

= 280 per cent. on £332,700, the issued capital of Rand Mines.

The above figures do not, however, by any means tell the whole tale of the prosperity of Rand Mines, Limited. As will be seen from the final table below, the Corporation possesses further assets which at a moderate estimate represent a value of £7 10s. for every Rand Mine share. At the end of the present year a dividend of 100 per cent. will be paid. The figures given above show that next year 200 per cent. can easily be paid, whilst in the succeeding years 300 per cent. and more will be quite as easily distributed. Taking the average life of the deep-level mines at twenty years, the investor who buys Rand Mines at what seems the present enormous price of £33 per £1 share, may therefore confidently expect to get a return on his investment of at least 12 per cent. for that period, and he need not trouble to set aside a sinking fund to replace his capital, for when the present deep levels are exhausted Mr. Alfred Beit's financial genius, which has brought the Corporation to its present pre-eminent position, will assuredly have found for the shareholders assets as valuable as any of those that they hold to-day.

TABLE C.

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| 50,192 Shares in the Village Main Reef Company at £7 1/4 ... | £363,892   |
| 40,035 Shares in the Village Deep Company at (say) £5 ...    | 200,175    |
| 13,678 ditto subscribed at £2 for working capital ...        | 41,034     |
| Cash in hand, sundry debtors, &c., 30 Dec., 1897 ...         | 1,620,000  |
| Reservoir and Pumping plants ...                             | 134,000    |
| Mooifontein and Langlaagte Farms (freehold) ...              | 500,000    |
| 341 unfloated claims and water rights ...                    | 1,000,000  |
|  | £3,859,101 |
| Less: Sundry Creditors ...                                   | £363,501   |
| 5 per cent. De-benture Issue ...                             | 1,000,000  |
|  | 1,363,501  |

£2,495,600

£2,495,600 ÷ 332,708 = £7 10s. per Rand Mines Share.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.  
OUTCROPS.

| Company.                            | Estimated<br>Dividends. | Price<br>12 Oct. | Life of<br>Mine. | Pro-<br>bable<br>Net<br>Yield.<br>Per<br>Cent. |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|------------------|--|
|                                     | Per Cent.               |                  | Years.           |  |
| Pioneer <sup>(1)</sup> .....        | 75                      | 11½              | 1                | 75   |
| Rietfontein A. ....                 | 35                      | 2                | 30               | 15   |
| Henry Nourse <sup>(2)</sup> .....   | 150                     | 9½               | 12               | 13   |
| Van Ryn .....                       | 40                      | 2½               | 12               | 12   |
| Comet .....                         | 50                      | 3½               | 18               | 11   |
| Glencairn .....                     | 35                      | 2                | 11               | 10   |
| Ferreira .....                      | 350                     | 24½              | 17               | 9½   |
| Jumpers <sup>(3)</sup> .....        | 80                      | 5½               | 8                | 8  |
| City and Suburban <sup>(4)</sup> .. | 15                      | 5½               | 17               | 7  |
| Roodepoort United ...               | 50                      | 4½               | 15               | 7  |
| Heriot .....                        | 100                     | 7½               | 12               | 6½   |
| Robinson <sup>(5)</sup> .....       | 20                      | 8½               | 16               | 6  |
| Treasury <sup>(5)</sup> .....       | 12½                     | 4½               | 13               | 6  |
| Meyer and Charlton ...              | 70                      | 4½               | 10               | 6  |
| Crown Reef <sup>(6)</sup> .....     | 200                     | 14½              | 8                | 6  |
| Ginsberg .....                      | 50                      | 3½               | 8                | 5  |
| Wemmer .....                        | 150                     | 10½              | 10               | 5  |
| Primrose .....                      | 60                      | 4½               | 10               | 5  |
| Princess .....                      | 15                      | 1½               | 20(?)            | 5  |
| Geldenhuis Main Reef                | 10                      | 1½               | 6                | 4  |
| Durban Roodepoort ...               | 80                      | 5½               | 9                | 4  |
| Langlaagte Estate ...               | 30                      | 3½               | 15               | 4  |
| Wolhuter <sup>(7)</sup> .....       | 10                      | 5½               | 40               | 2  |
| Angelo .....                        | 75                      | 6½               | 8(?)             | 1½   |
| May Consolidated .....              | 35                      | 3½               | 9                | 2  |
| Geldenhuis Estate .....             | 100                     | 8½               | 7                | 0  |
| Jubilee <sup>(8)</sup> .....        | 75                      | 10½              | 8                | 0  |
| Worcester .....                     | 60                      | 3½               | 4                | 0  |

<sup>(1)</sup> Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. <sup>(2)</sup> 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. <sup>(3)</sup> 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. <sup>(4)</sup> £5 shares. <sup>(5)</sup> £4 shares. <sup>(6)</sup> 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. <sup>(7)</sup> Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. <sup>(8)</sup> 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

## DEEP LEVELS.

| Company.                              | Estimated<br>Dividends. | Price,<br>12 Oct. | Life of<br>Mine. | Pro-<br>bable<br>Net<br>Yield.<br>Per<br>Cent. |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|------------------|--|
|                                       | Per Cent.               |                   | Years.           |  |
| *Robinson Deep .....                  | 200                     | 10½               | 20               | 16   |
| *Durban Deep <sup>(1)</sup> .....     | 50                      | 4                 | 15               | 11   |
| *Nourse Deep .....                    | 60                      | 6½                | 43               | 10   |
| *Crown Deep .....                     | 200                     | 14½               | 16               | 8½   |
| *Rose Deep .....                      | 105                     | 8½                | 15               | 7  |
| *Jumpers Deep .....                   | 40                      | 5½                | 36               | 7  |
| *Village Main Reef <sup>(2)</sup> ... | 75                      | 7½                | 13               | 5½   |
| *Bonanza .....                        | 108 <sup>(3)</sup>      | 4                 | 5                | 5  |
| *Geldenhuis Deep .....                | 70 <sup>(3)</sup>       | 9                 | 23               | 4  |
| *Glen Deep .....                      | 18                      | 3½                | 25               | 3  |
| *Simmer and Jack .....                | 42 <sup>(3)</sup>       | 4½ <sup>(4)</sup> | 30               | 3  |
| Langlaagte Deep .....                 | 21                      | 2½                | 15               | 2  |

The mines marked thus \* are already at work. <sup>(1)</sup> Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. <sup>(2)</sup> Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. <sup>(3)</sup> Calculated on actual profits of working. <sup>(4)</sup> £5 shares.

There has been a good deal of speculation in the African Market as to the reasons which have led the two Barnato undertakings, "Johnnies" and "Barney Consols," to dispose of large blocks of their holdings in certain subsidiary companies. Some of the quidnuncs have professed to believe that these sales have been necessary in order to provide the Barnato share of the working capital of the Ferreira Deep, amounting to nearly a quarter of a million. Others have professed to know that the Barnato interest was gradually being withdrawn from the Transvaal. Others shook their

heads and said that now that the head of the house was gone its prosperity was going also. As a matter of fact, there is no truth whatever in any of these suggestions. When Barney Barnato died people said that there would be no one clever enough to take his place successfully. Woolfie Joel took it, and people found that he was at least as able as Barney. Then poor Woolfie Joel was foully murdered, and people again said no fitting successor to him could be found. But Solly Joel succeeded him, and he, too, has shown that in financial ability he is fully the equal, and in some respects without a doubt the superior of those who preceded him. The changes in the holdings of the two Barnato houses signify nothing more than that, with wise foresight, Solly Joel is consolidating the position, and preparing to carry out the work in South Africa with greater energy and greater insight than before. We shall be much mistaken if Solly Joel does not win for himself a foremost place amongst South African financiers.

When the Lancaster mine started crushing nearly twelve months ago, opinion was very much divided as to its prospects. Some people went so far as to declare that it was an unpayable proposition, but the eleven months of working have effectually disposed of all doubts as to the success of the mine. The average yield during the first seven months of this year was 9·27 dwt. of fine gold or 38s. 9d. per ton, but latterly the yield has been increased to 40s. per ton. At present the working expenses are put at 26s. 6d. per ton, but 5s. of this is accounted for by development redemption, and when the development is pushed further ahead it will be possible to reduce this figure. A profit per ton of 13s. 6d. is, however, satisfactory enough for a mine which was said to be unpayable, and the controlling house, Messrs. Goerz & Co., are to be congratulated on the perseverance and ability which have made a success of the property. This success fully justifies the proposed increase of the mill to 100 stamps, for the claim area of the mine is very large. Even with the larger mill the life is put at forty years, and in view of the results already achieved it may even be advisable ultimately to increase the mill to 200 stamps. The Company is at present in debt to the extent of £150,000, but arrangements have now been completed for a debenture issue to wipe off the debt, and to provide the further capital necessary to equip the larger mill. The issue is guaranteed by Messrs. Goerz & Co., and the now favourite plan is adopted of making the 6 per cent. debentures convertible into shares at the option of the holders. When all the debentures are converted the capital of the Company will be about £360,000. The monthly profits are at present £5,000, but with the larger mill £10,000 a month will probably be earned, and dividends of 25 or even 30 per cent. will be possible.

## NEW ISSUES, &amp;c.

## THE MOZAMBIQUE COMPANY.

We regret to learn that the interests of the shareholders in the Mozambique Company—English, French and German alike—are being very seriously compromised by certain extraordinary proceedings of the Paris Committee, and this at a time when the prosperity of the Company seemed to be assured and the shares were on the eve of experiencing a notable increase in value. Fortunately there is still time to defeat the scheme of the Paris directors. The general meeting of the Company will be held at Lisbon on 10 November next, and it is most necessary that shareholders of every nationality should be represented at that meeting by the Oceana Consolidated Company, which is the largest individual shareholder, in order that the proposed issue of a large block of shares at a price below their present market value to a Paris Bank not connected with the Company may be negated by a decisive majority. French, quite as much as English and German shareholders, will without a doubt be injuriously affected should the project of the Paris Committee be approved by the general body of shareholders.

The position, briefly put, is as follows. For the past three years the Mozambique Company has been earning considerable and rapidly increasing profits. In 1896 the revenue of the Company amounted to £88,982, and the profits to £30,366. Last year the revenue had increased to £159,000, and the profits to £77,451. This year the revenue will certainly exceed considerably the revenue of previous years. The progress of the Company is so steady and is so firmly based upon the natural and inevitable development of the resources of its territory, that for many years hence the present rate of progress will undoubtedly be maintained. Already at the meeting in November next a dividend of 7½ per cent. for the year will be proposed, but as a matter of fact the profits earned in 1896 represented a dividend of 5 per cent. on the issued capital of the Company; those of 1897 a dividend of 14 per cent., and those of the present year will be equivalent to a dividend again considerably increased. In succeeding years at the present rate of progress correspondingly increased dividends will certainly be earned. It is to be noted, moreover, that the Company has hitherto expended large sums out of revenue upon permanent and productive public works which in the ordinary course would have been charged to capital account. This policy is most unjust to the present shareholders, for it places wholly upon them a burden which should rightly be borne in part by future generations. Consequently, in accordance with many successful precedents, a scheme was proposed by the London Committee for raising a suitable sum of money by an issue of debentures, which should be expended on permanent and productive works, and would thus set free the current profits of each year for the payment of dividends on the ordinary shares of the Company. This scheme was agreed to by the Council of Administration and also by the London and Paris Committees. The debentures would without a doubt have been eagerly subscribed for, but as a matter of fact arrangements had been completed by which the whole of the issue would have been taken up on terms wholly favourable to the Company.

Quite suddenly, however, the Paris Committee performed a volte-face, and withdrew its assent to the debenture issue. With most indecent haste it rushed forward a proposal to sell 120,000 shares of the unissued authorised capital of the Company to a Paris Bank at £2 apiece, or 5s. less than the then market price of the shares. With haste still more indecent it rushed the proposal through an irregular meeting, which was humorously styled a meeting of the Joint London and Paris Committees, held in Paris. We say "irregular" advisedly, because the regulations of the Company distinctly state that the financial control of its affairs is vested in the London Committee. But at the meeting in Paris at which the proposal was agreed to, the London Committee was in no way represented. Notice of the meeting was only sent by telegraph to the London directors twenty-four hours before the meeting was held, and since it was in the holiday season, all three were out of town and could not possibly have reached Paris in time to attend the meeting. Immediately the London Committee discovered the serious nature of the transaction they telegraphed to Paris their dissent and warned the Bank of the illegal nature of the proceedings. Moreover, the Council of Administration telegraphed its assent to the scheme for the issue of the shares only on condition that it was agreed to by the Joint London and Paris Committees. It is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the President of the Paris Committee actually signed the contract for the sale of the shares to the Bank at this meeting at which the London directors were not represented, at which they could not possibly have been present, and in the face of strong protests cabled over by the London Committee. The haste with which the whole affair was carried through, the irregularities which were committed, and the strangely favourable terms which were given to a financial group in no way connected with the affairs of the Company, give to the transaction a most suspicious aspect, which is not lessened when we learn that after the contract of sale was signed, the London directors were asked how many shares out of the new issue they

would like to have allotted to them. Even if the scheme of the Paris Committee were not in itself disadvantageous to the Company, the circumstances of its inception and its history should determine the shareholders to reject it when it is placed before them at the meeting in November.

There is one other aspect of the question which is of considerable importance. There is no doubt that the issue of debentures would be the most advantageous method of raising fresh capital for the provision of further remunerative public works. The charge upon the revenue of the Company would be comparatively trifling, and if the issued capital is maintained at its present small amount the value of the shares would be very materially increased by such an issue. But if there is to be an issue of the reserve shares at all it is impossible to understand why a Paris Bank, totally unconnected with the Company, should obtain them at the proposed low price of £2 per share. In England, in the case of all sound and well-managed companies it is customary in the case of an issue of this kind to give to the shareholders the first opportunity of subscribing for the shares. In the case of the Mozambique Company, whose shareholders have all loyally supported it from the beginning, when its prospects were by no means so bright as they are at present, it would be grossly unfair to rob them of an advantage to which they are justly entitled, in order to confer it upon financiers who have never done anything for the Company and whose ultimate aims may, indeed, conflict very seriously with its best interests. If a portion of the unissued capital is offered for subscription at all, therefore, at the price suggested, it should be offered pro rata to the existing shareholders. A higher price than £2 might justifiably be asked, and we are, in fact, in a position to state that a financial group in London has offered to take the whole of the issue at a price considerably above that offered by the French Bank. That the contract of sale to the Bank, signed by the Chairman of the Paris Committee, under the circumstances related above, is void does not admit of doubt; but at the Lisbon meeting next month a determined effort will, no doubt, be made to force the scheme upon the Company, as powerful influences are at work behind the scenes. Every shareholder, of every nationality, should, therefore, in defence of his own interests, send his proxy to the Oceana Consolidated Company, not later than the 26th of this month, in order that its representatives at the meeting may be supported by a majority of the shareholders in its endeavours to prevent the proposed issue of shares, or at least to secure that they shall be issued to the present shareholders of the Company, and further to make arrangements for the more effectual protection of the shareholders' interests. The Mozambique Company has before it a great and prosperous future, and it behoves the shareholders at this important moment in its history to support most earnestly the London Committee of Directors in their efforts to secure a sound financial administration of its affairs.

#### THE WOVEN LEATHER MACHINE-BELTING COMPANY, LIMITED.

With a capital of £150,000, divided into 100,000 Ordinary and 50,000 six per cent. Preference shares, the Woven Leather Machine-Belting Company has been formed to work the British patents of an invention for manufacturing woven leather-belting, and also a special leather-tanning process. The advantages claimed for the new belt are that it is woven in one piece; that, owing to its open-work texture, it does not slip upon the pulleys and wheels; that it is not affected by moisture, and that it can be made at much less cost than the solid leather belt. These woven belts, it is further stated, are used at the Woolwich Arsenal, and also at some of the important English and Scotch engineering works. The validity of the patent has been confirmed by Mr. Fletcher Moulton. The purchase price asked by the vendor is £100,000, payable as to £70,000 in Ordinary shares, and £30,000 in cash or Preference shares. This will leave £20,000 for working capital, which has been guaranteed. The whole of the Preference issue is offered for subscription.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE CASE OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Aflalo's remarks on the above, and am, on the whole, of his opinion as to the desirability of appealing to the public to put an end, by the best means in its power, to these cruel and useless exhibitions. One difficulty, however, appears to have escaped his notice, and that is the case of trick animals sandwiched between jugglers, change dancers and other turns. This is the practice at our music-halls, and it would obviously be very difficult for the public to testify in the manner suggested its disapproval of scattered items in the programme. I would suggest as some sort of rough test that, due notice having been given, the performing animals should be exhibited either first or last on the programme. This would give lovers of animals a chance of impressing their views on the management—which, after all, desires to cater for popular tastes, not to lead them—without missing the rest of the performance. I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

DOG OWNER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I desire to thank you for publishing in your last week's journal an excellent article, written by Mr. Aflalo, which wisely appeals to persons of moderate views, and especially to Conservatives, whose minds are naturally averse to extreme measures in legislation, to promote an amendment of the law "for the protection of quadrupeds, quadrumana and birds of wild nature," which have been deprived of their liberty, or are tamed or are kept on ornamental or other waters—animals which have come more or less within the control of man, and are being used by him for profit or pleasure, and may therefore be regarded as semi-domestic animals.

Mr. Aflalo is quite right in stating that Lord Herschell and the persons acting with him hope to enlist the sympathy of every genuine sportsman in the country, for real sportsmen draw a well-defined line between *feræ naturæ*, who exercise their instincts and bodily powers in self-preservation, and the animals referred to above, whose instincts have been blunted by captivity, and the exercise of whose bodily powers is denied to them by imprisonment. Equally the co-operation is hoped for of zoologists, respecting whose menageries I, as a Fellow and constant visitor at the Regent's Park Garden, can testify, are not only free from the taint of cruel usage, but tend to the creation and fostering of kindly feelings towards animals in the minds of the thousands of persons who find pleasure and instruction therein.

I dare not venture to occupy your space at length, but I beg permission to make two observations:—

(1) That during my long experience many hundreds of acts of horrible cruelty, brought under my knowledge, have been perpetrated on all kinds of (*e.g.*) ferocious wild animals kept in travelling menageries or exhibited in places of public entertainment; wild rabbits and hares during transit and afterwards in public-house enclosures; (even captured foxes, who have been cruelly mutilated before being hunted with harriers); bears and monkeys performing in streets; birds blinded with red-hot irons "to make them sing"; rats and other similar wild and captured animals roasted alive after having been covered with turpentine or paraffin, &c.

(2.) That as many as eight Judges and Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary, have expressed deep regret that our statutes protecting animals do not, as in other countries, contain provisions for the prevention of such cruelty, and their opinion that the legislature, if only in the interest of civilisation, should extend the law for the protection of all the animals referred to above.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN COLAM,

Secretary Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

## THE DOG QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Permit me, as a lover and an admirer of dogs, to add my protest to those of Sir Edward Lee, Mr.

C. A. M. Bailey and Captain Pirkis against the cruelty—to say nothing of the futility—of Mr. Long's obnoxious and insane edict against the whole canine race—hounds, of course, always excepted. Here in Eastbourne no less than 350 persons have already been proceeded against, and have been called upon to pay fines amounting to £130, while ninety-one dogs have been barbarously destroyed. In the majority of cases the dogs have, in spite of every reasonable precaution, temporarily escaped the vigilance of their owners, and have been observed by some sharp-witted constables outside the house without a muzzle, and probably, also, without any reasonable means of subsistence. How a dog can subsist at all within the narrow bounds of a caged inferno is a thing nobody but Mr. Long and his satellites at the Board of Agriculture can understand. In spite of a great protest meeting, and of motions by the Town Council, requesting a revocation of the order, it still remains in force, to the detriment of the town and to the annoyance of the inhabitants and visitors.

Your correspondent, "R." will probably be surprised to learn that Dr. Gordon Stables, whose works on the dog are so well known and appreciated, and who has been among dogs all his life, has judged both in Great Britain and America, has handled as many as 30,000 dogs in a single year, has never yet seen a case of rabies. In his opinion, while hydrophobia in the human being is the rarest of all diseases, and easily attributable to funk or fright, rabies in the dog seemed to him quite a myth—a conclusion to which any one who has studied the subject and knows anything about dogs must have come to long ago.

But even this is not all. Mr. Lindsay Hogg, who is eminent for his knowledge of all that appertains to the canine race, who has judged at most of the principal shows in England, and who, curiously enough, is a schoolfellow of Mr. Long's, only recently stated as his conviction that Mr. Long was utterly wrong, and expressed the wish that there were on the Board of Agriculture some men who knew something about dogs. If they must have a muzzling order at all, let them have a muzzling order right over the country for a short space of time; but this muzzling order, as it stood, was utterly absurd.

One word more and I have done. Captain Frazer (Mayor of Worthing), who has probably *bred and owned* more dogs than the members of the Board of Agriculture have ever *seen*, agrees entirely with all that Dr. Gordon Stables and Mr. Lindsay Hogg have said. The gallant Captain, who speaks with great authority, was probably the first one in Sussex to write to the Board of Agriculture on the subject of the Muzzling Order, and had the inspector down to see him several times—but to no purpose.

Even the "Standard" is constrained to admit that Mr. Long's bungling methods have failed entirely to accomplish the impossible task of stamping out rabies, and its potent remark that we should have done just as well without the muzzle as with it is only what any one but Mr. Long would have discovered years ago. It may not yet be too late.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

FREDERICK J. H. JONES.

N.B.—All honour to the sensible and enlightened Dover magistrates, who, in defiance of protests from the Board of Agriculture, still decline to be a party to fining people pounds instead of shillings, and who, by imposing fines of 2s. 6d. only have earned the gratitude of all right-thinking men and women. May their good example be quickly followed in other towns.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the recent announcement that Mr. Long intends to attempt to pass his Dogs' Bill next session, may I be allowed space in your columns to suggest that before Parliament grants additional powers to the Board he represents it might be as well to investigate the conditions under which that Board is working. Taking into consideration the fact that this Government Department has only recently been called into existence, and that certain of the functions it exercises (notably the regulation of the dogs of a city) are a good deal outside its province, it would not be unreasonable to expect that the Board would have supplied its own lack of knowledge and experience of such

matters with the knowledge and experience of veterinary experts. Such, however, has not been the case; as at present constituted, the veterinary, *i.e.*, the scientific and expert, element in this Department is conspicuous by its absence. Laymen, not veterinary surgeons, are the permanent officials of the Board; laymen—naval and military officers—not veterinary surgeons, are its travelling inspectors. Worthy gentlemen one and all, no doubt, and I would be the last to grudge them their high salaries and good retiring allowances if such were paid for naval or military services. What, however, is wanted of them is exact veterinary knowledge, and this, it is obvious, could only be supplied by men who have had special training in a veterinary college.

This is a condition of things which calls loudly for reform. Reform should precede supply, and before Parliament proceeds to pass the grant for this Department's expenditure or to confer upon it additional powers, it should be ascertained whether the highly paid permanent officials of Mr. Long's staff are competent to exercise the powers they already possess.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FRED. E. PIRKIS,  
Hon. Treasurer,  
National Canine Defence.

#### THE FLOGGING MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—That punishment is the greatest deterrent which the majority of criminals object to most, and I doubt if even Mr. Collinson will maintain that they prefer a flogging to imprisonment. Besides, there is something to be said from the taxpayers' point of view; why are we to pay the keep of an expensive ruffian when he can be equally well dealt with at the cost of a cat-o-nine-tails and a trifle of extra pay for "the disgusting service"? There is a certain amount of satisfaction, too, to the ordinary law-abiding citizen, in making the cowardly ruffian suffer some of the physical pain which he never hesitates to inflict on those weaker than himself.

If twenty-five lashes don't deter him from beating his wife and children, or kicking in the ribs of a helpless policeman on the pavement, give him fifty and see what that will do.

It may not be agreeable to watch the face and figure of the flogger, but the faces and figures of Hooligan's victims are far more disagreeable sights.

Let Mr. Hopwood and Mr. Collinson keep some of their sympathy for the miserable victim, and spare us these nauseous sighs over the sufferings of "the poor wretch" whose helpless wife or children had no surgeon standing by to ascertain the moment when the extreme of their suffering had been reached.—Yours truly,

S. F.

#### THE MONTSERRAT RIOTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Whoever "Montanus" may be, it was clear as soon as his first letter appeared in your columns that this anonymous writer held a brief for the permanent officials of the Colonial Office, and not for Mr. Chamberlain, as against myself, who hold a brief for the native labouring populations of the West Indies and of Demerara, numbering over one million souls. I accordingly wrote to you to say that if "Montanus" could be induced to sign his own name to his letters, I should be very willing and ready to enter the lists against him in the cause of my clients. "Montanus" is, as far as I am concerned, Mr. Edward Wingfield, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; and all the misgovernment and mal-administration of justice which goes on throughout the West Indian Islands is due to the evil influence of the permanent officials of the Colonial Office, and not to Mr. Chamberlain, who is not expected by the nation to attend to the details of government and administration in the West Indies.

The issues of the "Montserrat Herald," due by the last two mails, have not reached me, nor have they been received at the Royal Colonial Institute, and I am unable to acquaint the public with the cause of the non-arrival of these missing journals. But the trial of the so-called Montserrat rioters was very ably reported by the Editor of the "Montserrat Herald," and the issue of that journal reporting the trial and acquittal was

duly received by me in duplicate direct from the Editor, and that issue—the last which has come to hand—is on file at the Royal Colonial Institute.

I will now quote an extract from an official letter of the 10th ult., addressed by me—in the absence of Mr. Chamberlain—to Mr. H. Bertram Cox, Legal Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, which letter was duly acknowledged by Mr. Edward Wingfield, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, on behalf of Mr. Chamberlain. The following is the extract in question:—

"It appears to be the normal method of executing justice in the West Indies—

"(a) To arrest Her Majesty's subjects without first producing and showing a warrant for the arrest;

"(b) To fire upon *innocent* citizens without first reading the Riot Act, and without first giving the necessary legal warning before giving the order to fire. These outrages (as proved at the trial of the so-called Montserrat Rioters) have been recently practised at Montserrat."

There now remains in connexion with the trial of the so-called Montserrat rioters a very important matter to which it is necessary to call public attention in this country. It was proved at the trial, on the evidence of a number of witnesses, that Mr. Commissioner Baynes, Inspector-General Learmonth, and Sergeant Bayley were standing close together when the order to fire was given; and that they were close together when Sergeant Bayley fired the first shot; and it was further proved that Sergeant Bayley fired five times successively, and wounded five of Her Majesty's Creole subjects, two of whom were dangerously wounded. Nevertheless, Mr. Commissioner Baynes and Inspector-General Learmonth swore at the trial that no rifles were fired. The judge refused to believe either Commissioner Baynes or Inspector-General Learmonth on their oath, characterised their evidence as "*very extraordinary*," and stated that he believed every word that Sergeant Bayley had spoken, observing that Sergeant Bayley's evidence was corroborated by that of Dr. Duke, who attended professionally the five persons shot by Sergeant Bayley. The above being the facts, as proved at the trial, how do you explain, Mr. Editor, the "*very extraordinary circumstance*" that Sir Thomas Henry Wrenfordsley, Chief Justice of Antigua, who tried the case, did not commit, then and there, in court, Mr. Commissioner Baynes and Inspector-General Learmonth for wilful perjury? That course would, I understand, have been taken by a judge in this country under similar circumstances. On this point the public require an explanation from Mr. Chamberlain, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE.

#### CONSCIENTIOUS VIVISECTORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Through a question put to the Home Secretary by Mr. John Ellis, M.P. (Nottingham, Rushcliffe) as to the severer measures taken in respect of the persons who were reported as having committed breaches of the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876, by performing experiments upon living animals without the necessary licences, it transpired that there had been no public prosecution under the Act since it was passed in 1876. Sir M. W. Ridley said, in reply to a question from Mr. MacNeill (Donegal, S.), that he was unaware of the fact; to which Mr. MacNeill replied, "Well, I am!"—a remark which provoked laughter. With reference to this incident, the "British Medical Journal" remarks that "Mr. MacNeill preferred the safer method of insinuation to that of proving by evidence." The Editor of that professional journal will confer a boon upon anti-vivisectors and the public generally by telling them how such proof is to be obtained while experiments are conducted in closed laboratories, with only two inspectors to oversee all such institutions in England and Scotland, and they favourable to vivisection? It is, to say the least, interesting to find such punctilious scrupulosity in the observance of legal restrictions by men whose moral sensibilities are equal to the complacent and habitual practice of vivisection.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

## REVIEWS.

HENRY REEVE.

"Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L." By John Knox Laughton, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Professor of Modern History in King's College, London. Two vols. London: Longmans.

PROFESSOR LAUGHTON, in his preface to the "Memoirs of Henry Reeve," betrays an uneasy consciousness that he has not produced an interesting book, though loyalty to his old colleague prevents him from pleading the obvious excuse. Able, conscientious, successful, amiable—all these Reeve was, but interesting he was not. He was incurably pompous. His dignity of deportment was no charlatan's assumption: it was the tribute he paid to the sense of his own merits. We find it illustrated in these volumes in dozens of self-revealing utterances. He declines a publisher's commission to write a small book because the "Edinburgh Review"—which he was then editing—always suffered when he was too busy to write for it! Similarly, when he threw up his engagement on the "Times," he was honestly concerned lest his secession might embarrass Delane. How his vanity could be played on is seen from his account of a summons to Windsor in 1847. The Prince Consort, he tells us, wished to consult him on the relations of England and Portugal. He was given his luncheon—at the equerries' table—and afterwards "had a long political talk with Prince Albert." As a matter of fact, the Prince wanted to nobble the "Times." To approach the editor might have been risky, as Delane, in his dealings with great people, sometimes indulged a prickly sort of independence. It was considered more judicious, therefore, to "get at" Reeve, who was known to write the leaders on foreign politics, and Stockmar was deputed to make the overture through Bunsen. All the time Reeve never guessed that he was being used: he did not even open his eyes afterwards, when he found himself dropped—having served the purpose for which he was taken up. The royal neglect which he subsequently experienced he put down to a difference of opinion between the Prince and himself in the Danish Question in 1850. The Prince, of course, was for the Germans, while Reeve took the Danish side. "This led to a total loss of my favour with him, and gradually abated my intimacy with Bunsen." This is pretty good, but there is a better bit about the late Emperor of the French. "My acquaintance with Louis Napoleon," he writes to a friend, "began when yours left off, and I saw a good deal of him in 1838 and 1839. He wanted me to translate 'Idées Napoléoniennes.' But when he became a great man I dropt his acquaintance." Reeve to drop the acquaintance of a great man! If ever there was anybody who put his trust in Princes that confiding person was the subject of these Memoirs.

On the whole, it paid him very well. To imply that he was a designing or sycophantic man would be unfair. On the contrary, he was a bluff, self-reliant Englishman who never doubted that all the good things he came by were won by merit. In fact, they were got by favour. His appointment at the age of twenty-five as Clerk of Appeals—the head office in the legal department of the Privy Council—was a rank job. He had no kind of claim except the friendship of Lord Lansdowne. We are not surprised to learn that Brougham was furious. But Reeve was a sensible young fellow: sat tight and said nothing; picked up such knowledge as was necessary for the routine work of his post, and in due time was made Registrar of the same august body. The tact of the man, his essential amiability, is shown by his success in conciliating the vindictive Brougham and making a friend of him. This quality, which explains a success quite disproportionate to his talents, was still more strongly displayed in his relations with another and even more erratic Lord Chancellor. It was one of Westbury's self-imposed missions to take down conceit wherever he found it; and it is a fact—though not recorded by Professor Laughton—that he once ordered the consequential Clerk of Appeals to poke the fire. It was impish, it was ungentlemanly, and Reeve might have been excused if he had borne a grudge

against his tormentor. But the two men became friends, though Westbury never could resist playing on Reeve's stolid self-esteem and laughing at him under his nose. Though the victim was not a quick-witted man, he was acute enough to see Westbury's rather broad irony. But he forgave it, stood by him when he fell into something like disgrace, and after his death wrote a tender and touching letter to Miss Bethell. Yet he was not one of those insensate persons who cannot feel an insult. He never got over the brutal comment of Carlyle ("Puir auld fule, puir auld fule") when he was trying to play Oracle. Nor was this a solitary instance of honest and enduring enmity.

It was unfortunate perhaps that Reeve missed the training of an English public school. To a sensitive or highly gifted nature such an experience may be torturing and cramping, but it goes well with commonplace cleverness such as Reeve possessed. It would have helped him to take his own measure. But his surroundings in boyhood and early manhood were exactly calculated to foster self-esteem. Educated first at a school in Geneva and then by a private tutor, he was introduced, as quite a stripling, to intellectual society both in Paris and London, and had just enough talent not to feel any deficiency. A prig he did not quite become, though he went near it, and there are some portentously solemn passages in the letters he wrote to an admiring mother. Thackeray, we read, is an excellent and facetious person, and his art is pure. But Balzac is "godless" and Hugo is a "blackguard." This sort of thing does not matter in a young fellow if the tendency to perpetrate it is thrown off with maturity. But with Reeve it lasted all his life, and we find him writing of "poor Macaulay" after his death—"he had great abilities."

We can well believe that Reeve was a valuable contributor to the "Times," but, as we pointed out last week, it is rather absurd for that journal to assume that he owed his success in literature to his connexion with itself. Barnes engaged him, not for any special gift of writing, but because, from his official position, he was thrown into frequent and almost intimate association with members of the Government. He would thus be able to assist the paper by conveying such information as Ministers wished to divulge, as well as in expounding the views of the editor. This delicate duty he seems to have performed—for he was a thoroughly upright man—without betraying confidence on either side. The fact was that his double position was perfectly well understood. He was equally useful to the "Times" for getting at Ministers and to Ministers for getting at the "Times." So the game was played, the strings being pulled first from the right and then from the left. And the figure in the middle imagined that he was running the show. At the age of twenty-eight he writes as if the welfare of Europe turned upon his quill. He gravely assures Lord Lansdowne that he is "animated by no object but the maintenance of peace," and Professor Laughton (who ought to know better) speaks of him as being, "by a singular series of circumstances, suddenly placed in a position to sway the equilibrium of Europe." It is a pity that such flaming indiscretions should have been committed in a biography which contains much solid and some amusing matter. The only excuse is that in the gossip of the period—which answered pretty much to the flim-flams now circulated by the London correspondents of country newspapers—Reeve was credited with having been intrusted with certain confidential missions. It would be more correct to say that he was sometimes asked to carry messages about the Continent which, if the need arose, could afterwards be disavowed.

We should not so faithfully examine his career—which was in every way creditable to himself—if his importance had not been so absurdly exaggerated. He was, we have seen, an excellent official, and the "Times" found in him a capable leader-writer, who would have been worth his salary quite apart from the "inspiration" which he brought his employers. His judgment and information were so good that even the autocratic Delane, we are told, never interfered with his articles, but put them in—views and language alike—just as he wrote them. Naturally this was very gratifying to

Reeve, and in 1856 he kicked violently when, in the absence of his chief, the assistant-editor (Sir George Dasent) audaciously took up his pen and corrected the proofs of the privileged contributor. Delane, we are told, was very much annoyed. Surely, if he had really wished he might have made peace with Reeve. As a matter of fact, he accepted his resignation. The incident is, on the face of it, rather curious. Dasent was Delane's brother-in-law as well as his *locum tenens*, and must have been fully aware of the alleged understanding that, in the editor's absence, Reeve "was to control the foreign policy and the war articles." Why, then, should Dasent infringe that perfectly intelligible, if somewhat unusual, rule? Perhaps it had become irksome to Delane, and he instructed Dasent to break through it. Nor do we think that Reeve would have been quite so ready to take offence, or so determined in his resentment, if it had not happened that just at that time Longman had offered him the "Edinburgh Review" if he would cease contributing to the "Times." Though this condition was waived, the publisher was frankly delighted when he found that the restriction for which he had vainly stipulated was to be imposed by the editor's own act. The probability is that Delane and Reeve parted not from any passing fit of temper—both were men of business—but because it suited them to cancel an arrangement which had already been in force for more than fifteen years. We do not pretend to have any special acquaintance with the secret history of Printing House Square, but the theory here suggested is more plausible than the account given by Professor Laughton.

At the "Edinburgh" it cannot be said that Reeve was either a success or a failure. When he took it over it was exercising no little influence throughout the country in literature as well as in politics; in his hands it became unregarded and almost unread. But it does not follow that Reeve was to blame for the decline of a periodical which came every year to have less and less reason for existence, as the Whig principles which it represented step by step approximated to Conservatism. Reeve had an eye for good work and generally managed to get it. Certainly he was not sparing of his pains, while his personal attainments were quite equal to the position of which he was so proud. But we live too fast for the quarterlies. The policy of a statesman, the artistic value of a book, the merits of a play—who cares what will be said about it three months hence? By that time the play will be taken off, the book forgotten, and the policy reversed. It is like asking a man to regulate his conduct by regard to a future life. He admits the force of the appeal, but it does not touch him.

The chief service which Reeve did in his own generation is however one for which posterity will not be ungrateful. His publication of the "Greville Memoirs" was carried out with judgment and not without the risk of incurring odium in high places. Indeed he is said to have lost his K.C.B. by this the solitary indiscretion, and the main achievement, of his career. He was not the man to make light of the loss of Court favour. To peruse the correspondence collected by Professor Laughton is to bask in the light of great names. In one rapturous page we read of Reeve "breakfasting with the whole Royal Family of France." And he was, as will be seen from his letters to such grand personages and their replies, not merely a tolerated outsider, but an intimate friend. Nor did he confine his social sympathies to Courts and courtiers. He was quite as proud of knowing Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville, Tocqueville and Guizot, as of his friendship with the Duc d'Aumale and Comte de Paris, and he even cultivated the acquaintance of mere rising authors and artists. In short, he had a genuine liking for all kinds of distinction, and was singularly successful in winning and keeping the friendship of the great. This perhaps accounts for the exaggerated reputation which for a long time he enjoyed. He was made so much of by eminent persons that the little crowd which hangs about the outskirts of distinguished houses discovered his existence and celebrated his fame. No wonder that he began to accept the estimate of himself which were taken by those about him. He assumed the airs, in literature as in politics, of a sort of mysterious Grand Lama. It is only when we come to examine and

weigh what he was and what he did that we get at the truth. He was not a force in letters; not a brilliant critic; not even a successful editor. He was simply the best literary hack of his time; the most generally useful, the most conscientious, and the most successful.

Of Professor Laughton's work in editing these Remains of his friend it is enough to say that he has almost effaced himself, except in the kindly tribute he pays to the man from whom he had evidently received much consideration. The book would have been improved if it had been cut down to about half its present bulk. This could have been done by omitting many of the solemn but painfully obvious reflections on familiar historical events. A little of the space thus saved could have been given to such personal anecdotes as must have been easily accessible among Reeve's papers. Professor Laughton should have borne in mind Reeve's verdict on Lord Malmesbury's "heavy book"—that it was only saved by "the gossip in the third and fourth volumes." A few pretty good stories have been hidden away in these "Memoirs"; but were they not unearthed on the day of publication, and displayed in the columns of the morning and the evening papers?

#### LIFE AND LETTERS OF HALIFAX.

"The Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, First Marquis of Halifax. With his Works, now for the first time collected and revised." By H. C. Foxcroft. London: Longmans.

THE gratitude of all precise students of English history and literature, at the close of the seventeenth century, are due to Miss Foxcroft for her admirable treatment of original material regarding the Marquis of Halifax. She was the author, in the "English Historical Review" for October 1896, of an article which attracted not a little attention among historians, and showed that a lady had independently and closely examined the original documents which illustrate a puzzling and often even bewildering period. Encouraged by the reception accorded to her article by scholars, Miss Foxcroft seems to have spent two years in still further mastering every portion of her theme. It was, perhaps, not difficult for her to become more versed than any one else now living in the documents which illustrate the private and public life of Halifax, for he has been not a little neglected. But she did not pause until she had mastered every available corner of the subject. She has had access to various inedited sources of information; she has not shrunk from the strain of transcribing the Halifax MSS. at Devonshire House and in the Spencer archives; she has rifled Longleat, Welbeck and Netherby. In short, what Miss Foxcroft does not know about Halifax is not worth knowing. She has added inestimably to our acquaintance with Halifax and his times.

We admit this ungrudgingly, and we desire to do all honour to her thoroughness and scientific industry. But shall we be forgiven if we hint a fault without hesitating a dislike? These very thick volumes, in small print, with the whole apparatus of notes and marginalia and appendices, lack one thing. They lack the form of a book; they present us with a mass of important papers, but not with a finished portrait. Miss Foxcroft has followed only too closely the methods of the newest Oxford school; she is too exclusively documentary. In her own too-modest words, her "object has been less to obtrude the opinion of the compiler than to give the reader every facility for forming an independent judgment." But an opinion expressed by the authority in England who is most intimately equipped with knowledge of Halifax would not be "obtruded"; it is in fact urgently called for, and the want of it sadly detracts from the value of the book. It deprives it, to a disastrous degree, of all charm. It makes it resemble a dinner, admirably selected and prepared, that has been served uncooked. This is history, no doubt, but it is not historical literature.

More judgment in the distribution of parts would have enabled Miss Foxcroft to do justice to her own product. She has made, we think, an error in endeavouring to press into one book what would have amply occupied two. Halifax was a statesman of importance; he was a man of letters of even more

striking originality and merit. Miss Foxcroft has greatly obliged us by examining him in both capacities, but it was an excess of ambition to attempt to combine them. She reprints the "Works" for the first time, and we are infinitely grateful to her; but instead of pressing them into small type at the end of her second volume, she should have made them the object of a separate publication. This would have enabled her to spare for a synthetic treatment of her political and biographical material some three hundred additional pages. Perhaps she thought that if she allowed this opportunity of dealing with the "Works" of Halifax to escape, she would never be offered another, but we are convinced that more faith would have been justified. To quote Halifax himself, "Modesty is oftener mistaken than any other virtue."

It would be impossible to deal here with any approach to adequacy with the political part of Halifax's biography, which appeals moreover to a great many more reviewers than the literary side. We will therefore take the liberty of reserving what space is left us for the literature. Miss Foxcroft is a sound bibliographer, and she has presented the "Works" of Halifax in admirable order. In the "English Historical Review" she made the very extraordinary statement that "his name occurs in no history of English literature." This she has now reconsidered, but she seems to be still unaware of the prominence given to Halifax of late by all prominent historians of literature. Oddly enough, however, the three editions of 1700, 1704 and 1717 have sufficed for public curiosity, and Miss Foxcroft's, unless we are much mistaken, is the fourth. That the witty and graceful essays of Halifax should have been permitted to remain out of print for a hundred and eighty years is really extraordinary. He was far from being a profuse author; his writings consist of some nine tracts, not one of which run to more than a few pages. The most popular in the eighteenth century was the "Advice to a Daughter," or, as it should properly be called, "The Lady's New Year's Gift."

Halifax seems to have adopted the habit of writing during the last ten years of his life. Of his existing tracts, the famous "Character of a Trimmer" is ascribed to the beginning of 1685; it is not likely that the "Character of Charles II." was composed many weeks after the death of that monarch. After this we have little more to go upon other than the original dates of publication.

The "Letter to a Dissenter" was obviously called forth by the anxiety of the Opposition with regard to the attitude of the Nonconformists in 1687. The "Advice to a Daughter," published just before the Revolution, seems to have been suggested by the marriage of his son, Lord Elend. Early in 1688 Halifax composed and printed "The Anatomy of an Equivalent." The "Maxims" were issued on a folio sheet in 1693, and the "Rough Draft of a New Model" in quarto in 1694. It is to be observed that these tracts were anonymous, and that it was not before 1700 that all or any of them were authoritatively attributed to Halifax. Hence some scepticism has crept in, and there have been those who have dared to argue that Halifax's authorship is apocryphal. Even these doubters, however, have not questioned the "Advice to a Daughter," and the internal evidence of style is strong in identifying this pamphlet with the others under a common author.

As soon as the "Character of a Trimmer" was circulated, that is to say, before the end of January, 1685, the authorship of it was ascribed by gossip to Sir William Coventry, the uncle and intimate friend of Halifax. This attribution has lingered on, and there have been those even in our own day who have somewhat perversely insisted that what we call the "Works of Halifax" are really the works of Coventry. This legend must die a natural death in the face of the letter of 26 January, 1685, now printed in full by Miss Foxcroft. In this document Sir W. Coventry says of the pamphlet, "it comes not from my shop," and he adds, with an agreeable candour, "I do not think that delicacy of fancy or expression was ever my talent, much less could it now be, . . . after so long a retirement from the polite part of the world." He was, indeed, an old man in very bad health, and in June, 1686, he died, after a

lingering illness. It is strange that those who have persisted in believing that Coventry wrote the "Character of a Trimmer" have not asked themselves who can have written the "Anatomy of an Equivalent," which is evidently from the same hand, and yet, as evidently, cannot have been composed before 1688.

It has been customary to quote the pictures of Truth near the close of "The Character of a Trimmer" as the finest existing specimen of Halifax's style. It is a rich piece of lumbering seventeenth-century fine writing, but by no means particularly characteristic of its author. His peculiarity, indeed, is that he was among the first who, in obedience to French models of prose, broke up these serpentine sentences and instituted in their place phrases of an elegant brevity. In the best passages of Halifax we see, even better than we do in Temple or Dryden, the birth of modern English prose. His lightness and lucidity, his easy balance and graceful amenity of manner, prophesy distinctly of the Age of Anne, and there are pages of Halifax in which neither Addison nor Berkeley could have improved the turn of a single sentence. It is obvious that he was greatly influenced by the French. To La Rochefoucauld he owed the type of his "Maxims" and to La Bruyère the form of his "Characters." He said that Montaigne's "Essays" was the book in the world which entertained him best. His ideal was to introduce into English writing that unaffected and incisive grace of which France had possessed the secret at least since the days of Pascal.

Perhaps the most perfect of the tracts of Halifax is so little known that we may almost say that Miss Foxcroft has discovered it. His "Character of King Charles II.," having long been preserved in MS., was at length, in 1750, printed from the autograph copy in the possession of Halifax's granddaughter, the Countess of Burlington. Oddly enough, it has never been reprinted from that time to this, although certain quotations from it have been so often recopied that they have become hackneyed. It is very curious that this brilliant study of temperament should ever have been allowed to slip out of notice, for the combination of wit and wisdom in it is hardly rivalled in any other document which the literature of the Restoration has left to us. We know not what to select for praise where every second phrase is a pure delight. That Charles II. in love had "as little mixture of the seraphic part as ever man had"; that his attitude towards the frailties of his mistresses was "fitter for a philosopher than a knight-errant"; that "he had wit enough to suspect, and wit enough, too, not to care"; that "merit (at his court) had a thirst upon it which could never be quenched by golden showers"; these are phrases which make us smile as much by their neatness of form as by their humour. Sometimes the happiness of the expression is quite startling, as when we are told that the King's "chain of memory was longer than his chain of thought," and that he "loved to see himself in the false looking-glass of other man's failings." Here is a sentence as fresh and precise in thought as it is melodious in expression:

"The love of ease is an opiate; it is pleasing for the time, quieteth the spirits; but it hath its effects that seldom fail to be most fatal. The immoderate love of ease maketh a man's mind pay a passive obedience to anything that happeneth; it reduceth the thoughts from having *desire* to bring *content*."

Halifax is the very opposite of the rhetorical wits fashionable in his youth. He rarely expatiates into exaggeration, or allows himself ornament or flourish; he builds up his character with brief, pungent phrases, each telling in itself, and each emphasising and prolonging the effect desired. His grave worldly wisdom, his opportunist, philosophical inuendoes, his somewhat unusual employment of language, have alienated readers, and may continue to do so. His extreme refinement, mingled with cynicism, make his writings unpopular. But he was a real artist in literary portraiture, and not many moralists of any age have been capable of, for instance, the feline and velvety skill with which he makes the *yieldingness* of Charles II. the centre of his picture, undermining our respect at every touch, while apparently consistent in eulogy. Miss Foxcroft deserves the sincere gratitude of scholars for this exhaustive record of the great Marquis of Halifax.

## A PASTORAL POET.

"De l'Angelus de l'Aube à l'Angelus du Soir." Par Francis Jammes. Paris: "Mercure de France."

AS I passed through the village I heard the thud of the two flails, threshing corn, and I saw through the barn door the two men standing on the yellow carpet. From another barn came a rumbling sound, as of wood turning on wood; and a cloud of pale gold-dust, every grain distinct in the sunlight, floated out from the door. Here, in the precipitous wood of pines and birches, where I am lying among the ferns, whose fronds, scorched to a sullen orange, crumble into dust between my fingers, the sun trickles delicately through the leaves, and the air is at once cool and warm. I have brought a book with me, a book of verses telling of the country and of village life, "De l'Angelus de l'Aube à l'Angelus du Soir," and though the writer, M. Francis Jammes, has written of the Pyrenees, and my village and wood are among the mountains of Auvergne, I seem to pass unconsciously from the one to the other, as I turn the leaves, or hold a leaf half-turned, while I listen to the occasional cry of a bird, or watch an immense bee steaming loudly between the trees.

I remember, in 1892, Hubert Crackanthorpe sending me a tiny, privately printed book of verses, dedicated to himself, which he wished me to read. It was by Francis Jammes, an unknown name, and the verses were of so unparalleled a naïveté that I imagined, for a moment, some mystification. Since then my French friends have often spoken to me of Francis Jammes, but I was not tempted to read any more of his works until, the other day, I received this volume of collected poems. Reading them in the country idly, among the scenes in which they pass, I find that they have a genuine savour of the soil, and that it is possible to find an almost illicit pleasure in their halting verse, their deliberate air of being improvised. A tired soul, for which happiness is to be found only among the fields, in rest, seems to speak out of these pages with an almost pathetic outspokenness. They give one a particular sensation of the country, of its tranquil pleasures, its limited lives, the solace of its grass and space and leisure. All its colours and sounds and odours are known by heart, like friends; there is not a page which does not call up some definite picture or mood, the mood being always indeed implicit in the picture. The word picture gives too formal a notion of these accidental meditations, in which there is nothing of the painter, but a good deal of the peasant; of what the peasant would be, that is, if he had the faculty of ready feeling and sharp sensation. And in the form of the verses, so languid, so incorrect, often so childish, there is something of that revolt against mere "literature" which is being so generally divined as one of the present necessities of art.

Nothing, in our time, is so artificial as naïveté, however sincere, and I find all these verses about "le pauvre chien" and "ce pauvre petit veau qu'on traînait" and "Pourquoi les bœufs traînent-ils les vieux chars pesants?" entirely artificial; as entirely as those other verses:—

"La jeune fille est blanche,  
elle a des veines vertes  
aux poignets, dans ses manches  
ouvertes;"

or,—

"Je voyais le petit Jésus  
à Noël, dans la crèche nu.  
L'âne regardait par-dessus.  
Et maman disait: les rois mages  
portent la myrrhe, les images  
au petit Jésus qui est sage."

And I find yet more artificial the notion that one is so very simple, so very unconscious, that sometimes one forgets to count one's syllables, or put the rhymes in their places. But, in this writer, all this elaboration of humility and the negative virtues comes, really, to a result which is far from being as elaborate as its process. I find an individuality behind these confessions, these fragments of reverie or speech, overheard or noted down at hazard; I find much of the visible form of the French country-side in these precise and waver-

ing lines; certainly something of the spirit of poetry; and the book, taken up under a prejudice, and read with a mixture of amusement and respect, becomes seductive, at least in summer, and among the ferns.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## A SOLDIER AND TRAVELLER.

"Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery in the Service of Maharajah Ranjit Singh." Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THIS is a tale of travel and adventure as marvellous as anything which has appeared. It is the story of one Alexander Gordon, who was born in 1785, on the shore of Lake Superior, and died at Srinagar in 1877. (The place of his death in one part of the book is stated to have been Jammu.) Having sought for and just failed to get an appointment in the Russian service, he crossed the Caspian Sea, and made his way through Central Asia from Kokan to Herat, amidst scenes of cruelty, strife, misery, splendour, fidelity and treachery, such as are well-nigh inconceivable. For two years he served Habibulla Khan, the first Afghan opponent of the great Dost Muhammad, and during that time he married and briefly tasted the joys of domestic happiness. It was the only sunshine that warmed his cheerless and lonely life, but a bloody and piteous tragedy ended it, and again alone all his energy and intrepidity were needed to carry him through crises and hardships such as would have killed a weaker man. At length he reached the Panjab, and entered the service of the "Lion of Lahore." He witnessed or took part in the bloody revolutions and massacres which followed one another in quick succession when the master hand left the rudder, then became the servant of Gulab Singh, and died the pensioner of his successor on the throne of Kashmir at the age of ninety-two. For long intervals he can have used no other language but Mongolian or Pushtoo, and later on little but Panjabee, yet these memoirs, compiled largely from his own original diaries, are written in vigorous graceful English, and betray a very considerable literary faculty. That Gardner should have remembered his native language at all is surprising, that he should have handled it with such ease and precision is quite astounding. But there is matter to instruct as well as astonish in this marvellous autobiography. The country of the Oxus and Faxartes, the Turcoman desert, and other places of interest in Central Asia are opened up. Information as to the characteristics and customs of the inhabitants of these regions is supplied. The court and army of Ranjit Singh, the frightful chaos that succeeded his death, the strange religious, military, political brotherhood revered by the Sikhs as "the Khalsa," these are all brought vividly before us, and help us to understand the politics of the Sikh wars. Finally, the pathetic and weird story of the adventurer's life has an interest all its own, and holds our attention after the fashion of the most stirring of Stevenson's tales. He saw marriage feasts turned all at once into shambles, husbands killing their own wives and children to gratify their mad rage, brothers hunting one another down to death, and women more deeply steeped in blood than their wild male brethren. Assassinations follow quickly on one another in some pages, in others intrigue and shameless treachery are the chief incidents; in almost all we find the worst human passions let loose, and lust and murder hand in hand together. Dhyana Singh is murdered; his wife declares she will not become *sati* until the heads of Lehna Singh and Ajib Singh, his relatives and murderers, were brought to her. Gardner describes how he himself carried the ghastly tribute to her feet. Then he goes on to describe the affecting scene, which he witnessed, when the young and beautiful having disposed of her late husband's property with perfect self-possession ascended the pyre, lit it with her own hands, and thus perished surrounded by thirteen female slaves. And there is little doubt that this, and many another, stirring tale is substantially true. Sir Richard Temple vouches for much, and other Indian officials who knew Gardner do not question his good faith. But while the adventures are marvellous, what is more worthy of admiration is the courage, the astounding vigour and determination

that enabled him to live through it all, and describe it in his old age. That he was a man of immense personality, a born leader of men, is evidenced in every line. Major Pearse has done well to rescue such a name from forgetfulness, and deserves our thanks for having given us a picture of a hero of whom one and all may well feel proud. In conclusion we must notice a valuable collection of biographies of white officers who served Ranjit Singh, which gives welcome information of some with whose names we are familiar, but of whom most people know little more.

#### HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

"Henry of Guise and Other Portraits." By H. C. Macdowall. London: Macmillan.

THE period which Mr. Macdowall has chosen for his studies is one of the most interesting in the history of France. It embraces those wars of religion graphically described by Michelet when the feud between Catholic and Huguenot was at its height. It is almost as fascinating for Englishmen as Frenchmen, for some of us still thrill with indignation over the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and follow with some delight the fortunes of the Protestant hero, Henry of Navarre. The name of Mr. Macdowall is to all intents and purposes new in historical literature; but he writes with fulness of knowledge, and while he never loses the thread of his biographical narrative, he illumines his pages with many passages of permanent historical value. He has skill in portraiture, and he writes on the whole without personal bias. If we had any complaint to make in this respect it would be that the lights in Henry of Guise's portrait are a little too high, and the shadows in that of Henry of Navarre a little too deep.

Of Henry III. of France it would be impossible for any historian to make a noble and heroic sovereign. Accordingly, we have a just representation of him, with all his defects and characteristics, in these pages. Although with the aid of Guise he gained two decisive victories over the Protestants at Jarnac and Moncontour, he showed himself quite unable to grapple with the crisis which afterwards threatened his own throne. When the Catholics, under the leadership of Guise and with the support of the King's mother, formed the Holy League, Henry was supine, though the object of the League was not only to assert the undivided supremacy of Catholicism, but to secure the reversion of the throne to the Guises. Henry showed himself very unstable and lacking in courage at this period, while his private life was "an alternation of dissolute excesses and wild outbreaks of religious fanaticism." When he thought to make himself secure by procuring the assassination of Guise he only roused the Catholic portion of the nation to frenzy, for Guise was far more popular than the King. One year only did Henry survive his victim, and then he too died by the assassin's knife. Mr. Macdowall gives a detailed and picturesque account of the part which the queen-mother, Catherine, played during these episodes.

In drawing the portrait of Henry of Guise, the author observes that he was "clearly singled out by Nature for the part of popular hero. To a commanding stature and extraordinary physical strength, Henry of Guise united the delicate beauty and the southern grace of his Borgia ancestors; Francis of Guise was thin and dark, his complexion almost olive—his son had Lucrezia's yellow curls. The twin passions that had consumed his boyhood—the hunger for power, the fiercer hunger for revenge—had left no trace of bitterness or melancholy upon him. He spoke ill of no one, and he never refused a favour; it was impossible to resist his good temper, the subtle brightness of his smile, his caressing tones. He asked nothing better than (with one exception) to be friends with all the world, and all the world (with one exception) was ready to be friends with him. The first was Coligny, the second was Henry of Anjou." Certainly, "if Guise was ambitious, then bitterly did Guise answer it," as Shakespeare says of Cæsar. He aimed at the throne, and he reaped premature death. Catherine of Navarre—a forlorn figure—the sister of Henry IV., is the subject of Mr. Macdowall's shortest but perhaps most pathetic sketch. Her

brother loved, but never understood her, and the story of her attachment to the Count of Soissons, whom she was not permitted to marry, and her forced union with the Duke of Bar, is extremely touching. The Lorrainers thought to gain by her marriage dynastically, but failed to do so, and it seems to have entailed misery all round, for the husband was a Catholic and his wife a Protestant. The one was told that he was living in a state of mortal sin, while Catherine was persecuted to abjure her religion, which she resolutely refused to do. Death released her from her sufferings, and Henry—who was really responsible for her heaviest sorrow—wrote: "I loved my sister dearly. No greater loss could have befallen me. She was the companion of all my adventures, good or bad, and she endured the ill more constantly than she had leisure to share the good."

But the sketch in this volume which was evidently written with the most affection for its subject is that of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the soldier of fortune, poet, and scholar. It is full of life and movement, and might almost be extracted from the pages of Dumas. He was a singular but very attractive personage, this D'Aubigné. A younger son in a noble family, he was without means, and choosing the career of a soldier he rendered conspicuous service to the Huguenot cause. As a commander he was severe and inflexible, and he held his head high even before sovereigns, manifesting a lofty spirit of independence; as a man he was everything that was original and romantic. After the assassination of Henry IV. he retired to Geneva, where he passed the remainder of his life in literary studies. His "*Histoire Universelle*," a work of undoubted merit, was burned in France by the common hangman. In biting satire he was little inferior to our own Swift, as was proved by his "*Confessions Catholique du Sieur de Sancy*," and his "*Adventures du Baron de Fœnestre*." D'Aubigné's closing years were embittered by the villainies of his son Constant, a worthless rascal, who was the father of Madame de Maintenon.

#### RECENT FICTION.

"Helbeck of Bannisdale." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder.

ANY novelist who has sufficient intelligence to make a story turn upon differences in religious feeling must hold himself prepared to be charged with expressing personal opinions on spiritual questions. And opinions are rightly held to be a narrow and questionable thing beside the power of seeing and depicting the conduct of men and women in whom opinions become real. The inevitable charge is quite unwarranted in the case of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," wherein all opinions expressed are characteristic of persons whose differences in the matter of religious belief make the situation. Only once do we hear Mrs. Ward speak in her own person. She is talking of the deep division, "those facts of character and individuality," that held the devout Roman Catholic Helbeck separated from the agnostic Laura, even in the height of their passionate love for each other—"facts," she says, "which are always, and in all cases, the true facts of this world." These few words are not an expression of opinion so much as the natural outburst of an artist who is convinced and beset by the situation on which she is engaged, whose labours, moreover, to bring the like conviction upon her readers are entirely successful. There is no doubt about the truth of the situation, and the truth is brought out by irreproachable means, by the presentation of the characters concerned. Helbeck's character stands as firmly in Mrs. Ward's imagination as Laura. Helbeck, the last remnant of the Roman Catholicism which was once a power in the county, Helbeck with the history of his twenty generations behind him, and that more intimate history of his own youth which brought him into complete and devout submission to the claims of his Church; Laura, the embodiment of independence, with no qualities, either by nature or by the half training she has received from an agnostic father, no qualities that might be attracted by anything she can perceive in so tyrannical a faith—the author has grasped both characters generously, with understanding. The very differences only make their love the more inevitable, and the period which ends in the

equally inevitable conclusion—"It would be a *crime* to marry him"—is so presented as to convince at every step. The seriousness, the gravity, of the author's understanding of the situation is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the fact that her heroine arrives at the conclusion, not after any severity on the part of her lover, not after the sight of any particular in his creed, or the creed of his friends, that rouses revolt in her, but immediately after the tender moment when he has let her into the secret of his personal history, the most inward explanation of his spiritual life. It is no small and doubtful thing that must separate them inevitably in her eyes, nothing that can be escaped or smoothed over or changed. Since, then, the author is entirely persuasive in her presentation of a situation that is surely worth presenting, even the most devoted student of fiction, whose experience must be largely made up of such puzzles, may still feel a passing astonishment that "Helbeck of Bannisdale" should be so far removed from a masterpiece, so unlike a great achievement.

All through the book, and especially in the beginning, we are aware of a certain unnecessary lengthiness, a tendency, for instance, to describe circumstantially acts which neither effect enough towards building up the situation, nor possess sufficient charm of their own. They are not the most forgivable lapses of an author who has no heart to reject a beauty he has seen and loved; they impress one rather as the work of a pen—a somewhat heavy pen—answering always to the demands of an interested intelligence, but not under the control of a fine instinct. The scene in the steel works may serve as an example of a meaningless event described with an importance out of all proportion to the service it performs; and Dr. Friedland's lecture, unnecessary to the point of being unreadable, is an example of a passage written, it would appear, solely because the author happened to be upon the subject of this quite unimportant friend of Laura's, and did not know where to leave him. But the lack of instinct means something more vital than any such obvious defects can illustrate. It means that even when Mrs. Ward is at her best, the things that her characters do and the things her characters say are scarcely poignant. They are all that reason can demand as a thorough presentation of a tragic situation, but they do not strike tragedy themselves. We understand the tragedy, but we are not moved by the manner of its presentation. If the author of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" had had the writing of, let us say, "Reuben Sachs," we might doubt, for instance, whether Mrs. Sachs would ever have said exactly, "Reuben will do nothing rash," although we should certainly have gathered that Reuben's mother rested in the assured hope that her son would marry well. We doubt whether Mrs. Sachs would have come at the exact moment, and looking as she did, to kiss Judith at the foot of the stairs; and we are sure we should not have been left with the indelible picture of Judith standing on her balcony in the Albert Hall Mansions, lifted above the passing of the traffic, and looking across the Gardens towards the quarter where her people dwelt. If Amy Levy was only "a minor poet," she was not so far removed from the major poets in the tenderness with which she saw her situation, a controlling emotion that made her lightest detail relevant, to say nothing of its individual charm, and guided her to choose the speech and movements of her most important moments with a happy economy. There is humour and sadness in the situation which Mrs. Ward has faced with all the definable, reasonable, virtues—generosity, intelligence, seriousness, honesty: she will not explain, she will not moralise, she will not go lightly to escape difficulties, she will not be clever. But laughter and tears are not in what she has written.

Mrs. Ward's theme, the reality of "those facts of character and individuality," facts, in this case, born of spiritual divergence, the incompatibility of Roman Catholic and agnostic—this problem would have worked out into a solder tragedy if the Roman Catholic and agnostic had married. As it is, Laura, after two attempts, knows that she will never be able to give in: freedom is her being, and life must be impossible so with such a husband. She experiences enough of "those facts" to foresee the incompatibility, and she

makes away with herself. We understand entirely and are convinced. But obviously the incompatibility between Roman Catholic and agnostic would have been more fully illustrated, the "reality of those facts" more impressively vindicated, if the girl in love had felt less keenly, had foreseen less—and ventured. The argument would have been thicker, sterner, more living, more assuredly worth troubling about, if, after marriage, at every turn, at every trivial event of their united life, the impossibility had revealed itself, bit by bit, staring in the faces of the two who could not escape. It might be retorted that the problem of incompatibility was not Mrs. Ward's theme, that her theme was simply a love that proved hopeless for a certain good reason, and that to complain of the author of one story because she has not written quite another is only impertinent. But, as we have already suggested, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," whatever the author's intention may have been, will not stand on its merits as a tragic story of hopeless love; we doubt whether any one would naturally think of it as that, it is not beautiful enough to look at. And since the author does not sufficiently hold the eye, the reader must always be thrusting his intelligence through to the reason for the hopelessness, namely, the incompatibility. Thus he becomes chiefly engrossed, not in the struggle between love and another force, but in the impossibility of the closest union between Roman Catholic and agnostic. It is with the question, "Can such a union be?" that Mrs. Ward succeeds in engaging the reader's interest, and the negative answer might have been more fully argued. If Amy Levy, to keep to a comparison instituted only for the sake of illustration, had interested us in the theme of love against ambition, we should be dissatisfied with the death of Reuben as an ending. But we feel small inclination to quarrel with Reuben's death (although, unlike Laura's, it is not at all the necessary outcome of the facts detailed), because the author has not engaged our intelligence with any problem, she has satisfied us with a picture, her picture of love sacrificed.

Had Mrs. Ward devoted herself entirely to the business of stating her problem in the strongest possible terms, as though she were answering one who declared that a devout Roman Catholic might live with an agnostic, we have no reason to suppose that the product would have proved more beautiful for her readers to look at than "Helbeck of Bannisdale;" but it would have given more satisfaction to their intelligence, which the author's own qualities of understanding are calculated to engage.

"The Rose of Dawn," by Lilian Knights (Jarrold) is a gentle, intelligent little book, dealing with somewhat ladylike Romans and Ancient Britons. Such as it is, it would perfectly well have stood upon its own feet as a mild order of novel; the preface by the Rector of St. Michael's, Norwich, is an impertinence, using the word in its more literal and less offensive sense. That the Rev. Robert Middleton has known the author "as a truly consecrated worker for some years," and has the highest regard for her "devotion and Christian life" would be as relevant as it is gratifying if he were personally recommending her to a post which these good qualities would adorn; but the public does not exact "the strictest references" before it settles down to be amused or edified by a story. The Rector goes on to give what amounts to a short review of the book. Then it strikes him that "it would be only fair to her to state that this book was written before she definitely gave herself to God to be fully consecrated." Now, without the faintest intention of being vulgarly profane, we should like to point out that this is a statement which bears upon the merit of the book as a literary production about as much as a certificate saying that the author had just had the measles would bear upon it. It is worse than the pathetic people who write prefaces to tell you that they finished the last ten chapters at the bedside of their only children, or in the lucid intervals of brain fever. It is so easy not to write a novel; having written one, the less one gets it apologised for and testimonialised the better.

"Within Bounds," by Ethel Coxon (Constable), does not overdo scholasticism and schoolmasters, though it is a school story, in the sense of having its scene laid in a little town which exists only for the public school

in its midst. Olive Thorpe leads a sleepy life in the heart of school society for the greater part of her girlhood. Then enter to her the villain, whom the author has rather shirked. There is an evident temptation lurking to make him more consummately villainous, and give greater point to the book. But the temptation passes off, harmless, and the catastrophe that comes before the happy ending is not very far removed from being much ado about next to nothing. The book is not at all badly written. Denis Armes is rather a conventional being; but the less heroic figures are distinctly lifelike and well hit off.

"The Duenna of a Genius," by M. E. Francis, charmed us very much. It is in the author's second manner. That is to say, it is not the village-sketch, full of Mary Wilkins-like tears and fun that Mrs. Bloundell-Burton has done so often and so well, but a quite modern drawing-room comedy with a wealthy baronet-lover, private theatricals and a set of "properties" with which many scores of novelists have made us fairly familiar. The freshness comes in in the treatment, and in the drawing of the two uncommonly fascinating little heroines, the "duenna" and the "genius." They go through vicissitudes of sorts and end with two weddings, in the good old style, the duenna marrying the wealthy baronet and the genius marrying Paderewski under another name, without more of a "by-your-leave" than a dedication of the book to him may be held to imply. There is a musical influence strong upon the story. Every one of the chapters, down to "Finale con molto sentimento" is headed with a musical term—a rather quaint conceit. It is a dear little book, and we wished it had been longer.

"Deadman's," by Mary Gaunt (Methuen), is much less of a girl's book than "Kirkman's Find," which we were glad to praise some little time ago. It is about the marriage of a young fellow to a girl of low birth, whom he imagines himself to have ruined. He knows the real type of the woman, and quite realises that to marry her will be to make a bad business worse. But there is an austere young matron of his acquaintance for whom he cherishes an *amitié amoureuse*, and her ideas of morality require that he shall sacrifice himself. Under the influence of his platonic flame for this capably-drawn young person, he marries his "victim," only, of course, to fall in love with a beauteous maid of good birth and fair name. He is dragged through very grievous experiences before meeting with the reward of his much-repented-of virtue. Then he finds that his impossible wife had married a convict before making an honest man of himself—and all goes well. The characters are spirited, and the story goes with a swing.

"That Headstrong Boy," by Edward Kent (The Leadenhall Press), is not the child's Christmas book that it sounds. The "boy" in question is quite grown-up and rather entertaining. He falls wildly in love with a girl at a moment when he is in some disgrace with his regiment over a practical joke that went too far. In order to be near his beloved (and, incidentally, to furnish opportunities for Mr. Edward Kent) he takes a groom's place in her house, and has the felicity of driving her out. His adventures in the servants' hall are amusingly done. He means to ingratiate himself all round, but his ways are sometimes misunderstood. His refusal to take any more meat not being made with convincing violence, the women servants heap his plate with a second helping, which he leaves, to the great offending of the cook. "If he's full, he might be gentleman enough to say so," she justly complains, "and not leave a body to think he wanted pressing."

Of course he marries his young woman, as he could have done in the first chapters. But novelists must live.

"The Measure of a Man" (Nisbet) is one of the best novels Mr. Livingston Prescott has turned out, though he has been very "hard at it" lately. The sergeant who wins the dainty lady is a fine fellow, sympathetically drawn, and the susceptible will weep over his imaginary martyrdom. Perhaps a little too much is made of the "ladyhood" of his Miranda, who, after all, is cottage-bred, and would not in real life have shown any very marked contrast to her surroundings.

If the sergeant had walked in and held his own and proclaimed the marriage to her ostentatious relatives, all would have been well. But Mr. Livingston Prescott would have had no moving tale of sacrifice. We congratulate him on the great advance he has made in style and power of characterisation since his earlier work.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Prices of Books." By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: George Allen.

"The prices of books," says Dr. Garnett, editor of the "Library Series," to which Mr. Wheatley contributes the present volume, "are a small but significant department of a great subject." Book prices, in fact, serve as indications of the curiosity of the collectors, the public taste, and of the fluctuations in value caused by fashion and caprice. But "book prices," though a "small" department of a great subject, is at the present time a very important one. The relations of "literature" and "commercialism" are now pretty close, and apart from the proper aims of book-collectors, a large number of persons, some of whom should surely know better, base their estimate of current literature upon the number of copies of a book sold. Again, the terms "rare" and "curious" are now applied to books that would certainly have not stirred the acquiring passion of collectors of the age of Malone or Steevens. The object of Mr. Wheatley's little volume has, therefore, become considerably expanded since the last century. Mr. Wheatley has, of course, drawn upon the works of Dibdin and other mighty bibliophilic bibliographers. Of old and modern book-sales he has collected much information. But it cannot be said that he has produced a well-organized volume. He has endeavoured to cover too great a field of research for so restricted a book. With regard to "Manuscript Books," for instance, Mr. Wheatley observes that in a volume on the Prices of Books "it is necessary that at least one chapter should be devoted to manuscripts." This chapter is the most interesting in Mr. Wheatley's volume; yet it is also quite inadequate. The truth is, the subject of manuscripts requires a separate volume of the "Library Series."

"Penelope's Experiences in Scotland." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. London: Gay & Bird.

This volume is fully as pleasant to read as the companion book "A Cathedral Courtship," by the same author, wherein are set forth Penelope's English experiences. The sketches of Scotch character are finely observed and delicately presented. The national disinclination to a straight and satisfying answer to any kind of question is happily illustrated by Penelope's encounter with the waiting-maid. Naturally, those American ladies wanted to identify the national dishes. They would not have it on their consciences that they must confound haggis with brose or cock-a-leekie. "Is this cockle soup, Susanna?" Penelope inquires. "I couldna say," replied the serving-maid. "This vegetable is new to me, Susanna; is it, perhaps, sea-kale?" "I canna say," replies Susanna. Then, in despair, Penelope asks, as the potatoes are handed to her, "What is this vegetable?" and the answer is, "I couldna say, ma'am." "Why, it is a potato, is it not, Susanna?" But even then, "driven to the confines of her personal and national liberty," Susanna carefully scrutinises the potato and replies, "I wouldna say it's no." The book is altogether a capital one for the railway traveller who requires something lighter than novel problems or problem novels.

"The Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln." By Herbert Thurston, S.J. London: Burns.

This translation of the "Vie de St. Hugues de Lincoln," edited by Father Thurston, proves to be much more than a mere English rendering of the Carthusian "Life" of the great mediæval bishop. The editor, who is not responsible for the translation, has partly rewritten and thoroughly edited it. His principal aim, however, has been to supplement the information given by the French biographer as to those matters that especially bear upon English history or English institutions. Thus, to name a few subjects of interest to the English reader, the editor has dwelt at some length upon such questions as St. Hugh's grants of churches, the right of sanctuary, perpetual vicarages, and such local points as the Leper Hospital and the Jewry of Lincoln, and the site of the house in London where the bishop died. The editor's diligence and zeal are, indeed, proclaimed in various directions; as in his criticism of certain statements of Giraldus, his demonstration of St. Hugh's connexion with the "Vision" of the Monk of Evesham, and the real date—some five years anterior to that generally accepted—of the bishop's first arrival in England.

"Hidden Witchery." By Nigel Tourneur. Decorated by Will Mein. London: Smithers.

The English language, as exemplified in these stories of Mr. Nigel Tourneur, is tricked out, to quote an Elizabethan prose-man, "flamigeously" and with a lush "decure." It is said, in "A Leman's Love," of the distressed Issola: "The keen edge of ever poignant sorrow, slashing the thin mantle of solacing fancy, recalled her from happy dreamland." When

this young woman leaps up to nestle in the arms of the naughty Sir Raoul, it is with a "whinny of delight." A clump of fleur-de-lis is described as "budgeoning like bursting flames," which is no ill representation of Mr. Tourneur's style. It is for ever, in all these stories, "budgeoning." An ordinary writer would be content with "hearing;" Mr. Tourneur fearlessly commits himself to "hearance." So would your G. P. R. James of the times—say Mr. Anthony Hope—be content with a "score" of troopers; Mr. Tourneur betters him with a "scoresome." The brave Sir Guy scorns to "shudder with unaccustomed terror;" nothing less than "unacquainted" terror could make him shake. As to his horse—we beg pardon, his "steed"—it "browsed upon the scanty foggage," and even as it "cropped the dewy grass some daring rodents" ("rabbits" the vulgar call them) "hopped nigh to nibble at a juicy herb." We know not what to say of this superior, latter-day euphuism. Here, for instance, is a passage, at the reading of which our "heart," to quote our author, "pat exceedingly" within us: "As he cautiously picked his way among the boulders a signification pierced his wits. It fastened in his brainpans; joggling a reluctant memory it verified itself." That Mr. Tourneur does never get the better of his style we will not affirm. He has some gifts—of fancy, for instance, and a certain command of grotesque; but he writes very ill, almost as ill as Mr. Will Mein "decorates," and what he may yet do when he learns how to write, reverencing his mother tongue, we shall not take upon us to say.

"Through Fire and Storm." By G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, and J. A. Higginson. London: Partridge.

A trio of writers are here combined in the telling of a triplet of stories dealing with perils and adventures by land and sea. All three are good stories, if not exceptionally good, of the kind that healthy boys love, and are richly provided with every recurrent Christmas. Mr. Henty's bushranging yarn, "A Desperate Gang," is the most moving, the most vividly told, of the lot; Mr. Manville Fenn's is the longest, and Mr. Higginson's might have more salt in it, seeing it is "A Secret of the Sea."

"The English Flower Garden." By W. Robinson. London: Murray.

The appearance of a new edition of Mr. William Robinson's admirable "English Flower Garden" calls for little note at this time. Something of a revolution has been effected in gardening methods, so far as open-air work is concerned, since the book appeared, and much of what is beneficial in the revolution may fairly be attributed to Mr. Robinson's teaching. Gardens are certainly more interesting, more variegated, more floral and effective, than they were forty years since. The improvement is especially notable of small gardens. There is one subject, however, which Mr. Robinson might do well to take up, and this is the brutal and destructive mania for maiming and distorting trees and shrubs. Since the introduction of the American implement known as the "mighty cutter," trees, especially in towns, are subjected to the most hideous mutilation. The operations are called "pruning," and many gardens, both private and public, are ravaged by ignorant persons armed with this fearsome weapon. In the London parks, the favourite season for this stupid practice is spring and early summer, when the sap is running free. Let Mr. Robinson begin a Protestant crusade against "pruning," and the shade of Mr. Shirley Hibberd will bless him, and all lovers of nature will approve his labours.

(For This Week's Books see page 516.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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Man-Stories of a Black Snake, The (W. A. B.). Whittaker. 6s.

Ocean Chase, An (H. Collingwood). Griffith, Farran. 5s.  
Others, The (R. Neish). Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.  
Otterburn Chase (C. N. Carvalho). S.P.C.K.  
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Red Riding Hood's (Vol. IV.) (Walter Crane). Lane.  
Sea Urchins (W. W. Jacobs). Lawrence & Bullen.  
Silver Salvors, The (G. M. Fenn). S.P.C.K.  
Through Battle to Promotion (W. Wood). Bowden. 6s.  
Under the Cuban Flag (F. A. Ober). Nutt. 6s.  
Writer of Books, A (G. Paston). Chapman. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boy's Own Annual, The (Vol. XX.). "Boy's Own Paper" Office.  
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Great Books (Dean Farrar). Isbister. 3s.  
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Lean's Royal Navy List (No. 84). Witherby. 7s. 6d.  
Manual of Electrical Undertakings (Vol. III.) (E. Garcke). King. 10s.  
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Southwell, The Cathedral and See (A. Dimock). Bell.  
Story of the Farm, The (J. Long). Rural World Publishing Company. 1s.  
Three Children of Galilee (J. Gordon). Jarrold.  
Under the Shadow of St. Paul's (H. Johnson). Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.  
University Addresses (J. Caird). MacLehose.

TRANSLATIONS.

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REPRINTS.

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The Assured Income in future will unfortunately be less, owing to a fall in the rate of interest of some of our investments, and the House Committee appeals for more Annual Subscriptions.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS to be sent to J. H. BUXTON, *Treasurer*, or to  
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The Dredger will be required to lift one cubic yard per minute, or 1440 yards per day of 24 hours. The drift on top of bed rock in the river bed is about 6 feet deep. At 3 cents to the pan and 6 pans to the cubic foot, the total yield of gold is expected to be £825,000.

Estimates should be sent to the Secretary, marked 'Dredger Estimate,' not later than the 30th inst.

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# THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO. LIMITED.

CAPITAL ... .. £120,000

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### London Committee:

CHAS. RUBE.  
JOHN ELLIOTT.

S. NEUMANN.

### Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

### London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

### DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for August, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £22,909 19s. 10d. :-

### EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works = 17,557 Tons Milled.

### EXPENDITURE.

|                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| To Mining Expenses ... ..     | £10,228 8 0 |
| " Drifting and Winzes ... ..  | 1,269 16 3  |
| " Crushing and Sorting ... .. | 726 5 5     |
| " Transport " ... ..          | 313 0 7     |
| " Milling " ... ..            | 2,225 9 7   |
| " Cyanide " ... ..            | 1,819 6 3   |
| " Slimes " ... ..             | 547 5 5     |
| " General Charges ... ..      | 4,095 19 8  |

£21,225 11 2

Profit for Month ... .. £22,909 19 10

£44,135 11 0

### REVENUE.

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| By Gold Accounts—                                      |              |
| " 6,622'668 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill ... ..       | £28,238 15 6 |
| " 3,481'771 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works ... ..  | 14,690 19 6  |
| " 237'317 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works ... .. | 1,030 0 11   |
| " By-Products sold ... ..                              | 175 15 1     |

10,431'756 ozs.

£44,135 11 0

The following expenditure on account of additions to Plant is included in the

### General Charges Account :-

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| New Boilers at Incline Shaft ... ..                   | £750 0 0 |
| New Tanks and Extractor Boxes at Cyanide Works ... .. | 692 6 2  |
| New Boiler at Mill ... ..                             | 100 0 0  |

£1,542 6 2

The Tonnage mined for month was 20,655 tons, cost ... .. 10,221 0 5

Drifts and Winzes Expenses " ... .. 1,269 16 3

20,655 tons ... .. 11,490 16 8

Add quantity taken from stock 47 " ... .. 7 7 7

20,702 " ... .. 11,498 4 3

Less waste rock sorted out 3,145 " ... ..

17,557 " ... .. £11,498 4 3

The declared output was 12,268'10 ozs. bullion = 10,431'756 ozs. fine gold. And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—11'883 dwts.

### GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month :-

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| 8TH LEVEL—  |     |
| Driving on South Reef, East and West ... ..       | 346 |
| Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ... .. | 77  |
| Sinking Winzes ... ..                             | 43  |
| 9TH LEVEL—  |     |
| Driving on South Reef, East and West ... ..       | 83  |
| Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ... .. | 72  |
| Sinking Winzes ... ..                             | 73  |
| 10TH LEVEL—                                       |     |
| Cross-cutting ... ..                              | 14  |

508

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 25,000 tons. During the month 3,145 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 31 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 15'191 per cent. of the total rock handled.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, September 7th, 1898.

# — THE —

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SOCIEDADE DE RESPONSABILIDADE LIMITADA (LIMITED LIABILITY).

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company will be held on THURSDAY, 10 NOVEMBER, 1898, at mid-day, at the offices of the Company at Lisbon, Rua do Alecrim, No. 45, in compliance with Article 48 of the Statutes. Shares to bearer must be deposited at the office of the Company in Lisbon, Rua do Alecrim, No. 45, and abroad, at the offices of the respective committees: in Paris, Rue Lafayette, No. 7; and in London, Austin Friars, No. 13, not later than 4 p.m. on 25 October instant.

Lisbon, 10 October, 1898.

For the Companhia de Moçambique,  
MARQUIS DE PONTES DE MELLO,  
Companhia de Moçambique, Managing Director.  
MORTAN LAMBERT, London Secretary.

### TRANSVAAL GOLD MINING ESTATES, LIMITED.

DIVIDEND No. 1.  
DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

**HOLDERS** of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Wednesday, the 5th of October, of Dividend No. 1 (2s. per Share) on presentation of Coupon No. 1 either at the London Offices of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be presented any day (Saturday excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2. Listing forms may be had on application.

By Order, ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*  
London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
29 September, 1898.

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Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 branches in South Africa.

|                    |             |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Subscribed Capital | £4,000,000. |
| Paid-up Capital    | £1,000,000. |
| Reserve Fund       | £340,000.   |

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

### GELDENHUIS ESTATE & GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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**HOLDERS** of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment on or after Thursday 6 October, of DIVIDEND No. 13 (60 per cent., i.e., 12s. per share), after surrender of COUPON No. 13, at the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or to the Company's representatives in Paris, Credit Lyonnais, Boulevard des Italiens.

All Coupons presented at the latter address as well as any presented at the London office by holders resident in France, will be payable at 11s. 6d. per share, the deduction of 6d. being made to cover the French Income Tax of 4 per cent.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax as usual. Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the offices mentioned above, and may be lodged between the hours of 11 and 2 (Saturdays excepted).

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By order, ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*  
London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
30 SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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